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PENTHOUSE LETTERS

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PENTHOUSE LETTERS

ALL-NEW PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS PAGE 115

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LETTERS

SALUTATIONS

Who says you can't teach an old dog new tricks? This issue of *Penthouse Letters* proves that old adage false and then some. In a brand-new section, Maiden Voyages, you'll be treated to some first-time tales from lovers who discover they're never too old to experience a new thrill. From lesbian initiations, to kinky spanking, to naughty sexting, their eye-opening stories may teach you a thing or two.

Plenty more sexy surprises await you, including a trio of older women who sate their erotic hunger with the help of their young partners in Kinky Cougars; a nude yoga session that sparks a Sapphic liaison in Spotlight; and Booty Time, which brings up the rear with some amorous anal encounters.

This month's My Most Unforgettable Lay is perhaps the most astonishing of them all, featuring an open-minded man who engages in a threeway cloaked in darkness. He finds absolute freedom in surrendering to his lust and abandoning all preconceived notions of satisfaction.

Looking for some extra slap with your tickle? Turn to page 115 for *Penthouse Variations's* take on kinky tickling and BDSM games, featuring readers' no-holds-barred adventures.

–The Editors

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Or did you spy the sensual goings-on of other uninhibited adventurers.

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and you may see your letter in these very pages.

E-mail your torrid tales to **Letters@Penthouse.com**

LETTERS

KINKY COUGARS

HIGHWAY HOOKUP

A few years back, I experienced the "Loneliest Road in America" while driving from Colorado to a friend's wedding in California. The nickname refers to a section of Route 50 out west, where it undulates for hundreds of mind-numbing miles across arid mountain ranges and desert valleys. It's especially bleak as it crosses Nevada. Desolate, barren, isolated—pick your adjective, they all apply to that vast landscape. I don't think I saw five cars from sunup to sundown.

Fortunately, one of those cars was driven by an attractive woman who, like me, was heading west. She flashed me a sexy smile as she passed me in her BMW convertible. She had the top down, and the wind whipped her platinum tresses violently.

I was driving a two-seater sports car myself, but mine was an aging Mazda, well past its prime. It responded well, however, when I mashed down on the gas pedal. For a few miles I followed the silver Beemer, and then, as the highway dipped into a flat, limitless basin, I shot over into the oncoming lane to pass.

As I went by, the driver gave me that teasing stare again—longer this time, and bolder. She was older than I'd thought at first, about 40 maybe. I'm a sucker for older women. She wore a strappy little top that showed off sun-kissed shoulders and slender arms. Her grin was so lascivious that my cock twitched in my pants. When I grinned in return, she threw her head back and laughed into the wind.

I was flirting with a hot blonde at 80 miles per hour!

Easing back into the right lane, I watched her keep pace in my rearview mirror. After a while, she moved to pass me again. The roadster appeared in my side-view mirror, then drew even with me. This time, she didn't complete the pass right away. Instead she lingered there, matching my speed as a mile or more of asphalt passed beneath our tires. In other conditions it might have been a dangerous stunt, but in this case the road stretched out flat and straight for miles into the shimmery distance, without a single other car in sight.

The late afternoon sunlight slanting into her car illuminated her short skirt and long, tanned legs, reflected in her conveniently-angled side-view mirror. She let me look, then gave a little wave and completed her pass. This time, the Beemer accelerated sharply like a starship going to warp speed. She left me in the dust, and I chuckled at the improbability of our encounter, which now seemed over.

Except it wasn't. Half an hour later, as the sun touched the craggy horizon, I pulled into a gas station and there she was, filling her tank. I couldn't stop staring at her gorgeous legs.

She was finishing her purchase when I walked over. Looking up, she recognized me and broke into that ultra-sexy grin of hers.

"Hey." She ran her fingers through her hair and glanced at my car with appreciation. "Classic RX-7. Rotary engine. Nice."

"MY COCK PULSED BETWEEN HER LIPS, STRAINING TO SLIDE DEEPER."

"Sure," I replied. "A little older than your Z3, though."

She dismissed that with a wave and said, "Try to keep up this time." Her sudden kiss, full on the lips, surprised me. I stood there, stunned, while she got back into her car and started her engine.

I hurried back to my own wheels, finished my fill-up and took off after her. Despite her head start, I didn't have to drive like a madman to catch her. She let me.

I followed her for several miles as dusk turned to darkness. Then my headlights picked out a sign for a rest stop. The silver roadster took the off-ramp, and I followed. We parked a few spaces apart. My highway flirt glanced at me before heading to the ladies' room. I figured I might as well take advantage of the facilities, too, and went to the men's room.

I was washing up beneath the single fluorescent light when I heard footsteps. I knew it was her, even before I saw her reflection in the cracked and dusty mirror.

"The name's Brett," I said, turning to face her.

"Alexis." She took a step toward me.

"You're in the men's room." It was all I could think to say.

She shrugged and came closer. "There's no one else here," she said, tossing her handbag onto the counter. "No one for miles and miles."

I nodded. "Hellish country out there."

"Pretty boring," she agreed, "until you came along." Slowly, she walked around me, as if examining a prize. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-five," I said. "In two weeks."

"Hmm. How about an early birthday present?" She stopped directly in front of me, put her hands on my shoulders, and leaned in close. Her blue eyes were intense. "We're going to fuck, Brett. Right in front of this mirror."

I must be dreaming, I thought. My cock grew rapidly, creating a formidable bulge in the front of my pants that did not go unnoticed by Alexis.

"You do want to, don't you?"

"You know I do."

"Good. Because that's what I want, too."

I felt her hand on my jeans, sliding up my leg, higher and higher until it stopped at my crotch. I had the biggest fucking hard-on of my life, and as she traced her finger over its outline, she actually licked her lips.

I had never met anyone remotely like this woman.

She knelt before me and took my pants down, too. My underwear went along for the ride, leaving my boner to spring into Alexis's grasp. She hefted its weight for a moment and then, making a sound like the purr of a cat, she lowered her mouth over the crown. My cock pulsed between her lips, straining to slide deeper along her tongue. Alexis brought one hand up to cup my balls, and with the other she reached around to palm my ass. She pitched forward, then back, rocking to and fro with a palpable lust as she gobbled my prick. Her appetite was insatiable. Even when the tip of my cock touched the back of her throat, she wanted more. Her sounds of prurient delight echoed off the bathroom's concrete block walls, and I added to them, moaning with the unabashed pleasure of a man who's getting the blowjob of his dreams.

Alexis's sustained and vigorous approach

brought me to the edge in record time. When she sensed my imminent eruption, she sealed her lips tightly to my cock's circumference and sucked madly. Her eyes drifted up to meet mine, and the hunger I saw in those blue depths was the last thing I remembered for a full minute. Jets of come pulsed through my penis and flooded Alexis's mouth. She swallowed again and again, taking my whole load as if she were starving.

At last she released me, but it was only so she could hitch herself up onto the edge of the sink. Brazenly she hiked her skirt up all the way to her waist, then spread her thighs and favored me with a come-hither look. Unfettered by underwear, her pussy was wet and ready for action.

I was happy to oblige. Bending low, I placed my hands on Alexis's knees and studied her pretty cunt. The tiniest strip of pubes, sandy-blonde and glittery in the room's fluorescent glow, adorned her mound. Her pussy lips were smooth and puffy. Alexis, impatient, started to touch herself. As I watched, she dipped a finger into her slit and smeared her juices across her clit. She responded to her own ministrations with a shudder of pleasure.

I wasted no further time getting down to business. Pressing my face to her cunt, I snaked my tongue inside and explored her secret contours. Alexis trembled and clamped her thighs against my ears. Her hand went to the back of my head to keep me firmly in place. As I lapped up her nectar, slaking my thirst, my tongue found her clit. When I licked and sucked that sensitive nub, Alexis reacted with such fierce undulations that she would have tumbled off the sink's edge if I hadn't been bracing her up. "Fuck yeah, fuck yeah!" she screamed. "I'm coming!" Her thighs clenched, and she bucked her hips rapidly, fucking my face.

I held her steady until the climax passed. Then I stood back so she could hop down to the floor. Eyeing my fully-recovered erection, she retrieved a condom from her handbag and slipped it onto my dick. Next, she unzipped her skirt and let it drop to the floor. I reached around and squeezed her ass while she curled one limber leg around my waist. The head of my cock nudged the opening of her pussy, and after a little more maneuvering, I was buried deep inside her. "Oh," came Alexis's gasp. "What a nice, tight fit." And it was—tight like a glove, and so welcoming, that I almost came

LETTERS

KINKY COUGARS

immediately. I managed to hold off, though, and we rocked against one another as I drove my penis into her molten depths. Backing her up against the sink, I attained the leverage we needed to fuck more aggressively.

"That's it, highwayman, do me hard," Alexis intoned. "I fucking love the way your cock feels inside me. Fuck me hard, goddammit!"

My hands were free now, and I reached up beneath Alexis's top to fondle her tits while I rocked my prick in and out of her pussy. By this time, I had completely forgotten that we could have been interrupted by a road-weary traveler at any moment. Even if the thought had occurred to me, I'm not sure it would have mattered. I was totally devoted to seeing this encounter through to its natural conclusion, and I have zero doubt that Alexis felt the same way.

She suddenly disengaged from me and spun around to face the mirror, pushing her shapely butt out. I barely missed a beat. Hooking my hands around her hips, I aimed my dick between the lips of her sex and thrust home. Alexis grunted and grabbed hold of the sink. My balls flattened against her cunt as my hips hit her tush with a resounding smack. Her face in the grimy mirror was filled with such intense, naked passion that I couldn't look away.

The next few minutes—our last together—were loud, sweaty, and unforgettable. I hammered away at her from behind, grunting with every thrust, while Alexis's cries grew more savage. She bumped back at me at a frenetic pace, taking my cock to the hilt again and again. Our furious coupling raced inevitably and all too quickly to a thunderous climax. In the mirror, Alexis's eyes closed and her jaw clenched as the orgasm swept through her. Moments later, my cock erupted. Moaning, I pumped crazily into her vagina, while Alexis howled with her own release. Our sounds of earthy pleasure continued until the last of our spasms subsided.

When it was all over, my companion straightened her clothes and gave me a lingering kiss. "Happy Birthday," she said, and walked out. I never saw her again, but her gift was a memory to last a lifetime.

–B.B., via email

HELPING HAND

My eyes drifted up to where Connor stood on the ladder. I knew he could turn at any second, catching me as I shamelessly ogled his perfect ass, but the thought of getting caught only made my panties dampen.

His biceps bulged as he carefully reattached the fallen shelf bracket. A patch of skin peeked at me from beneath his rolled shirtsleeve, revealing tattooed swoops and scales of some sort. Was it a dragon, a koi fish? My fingers itched to reach out and roll the sleeve the rest of the way, to run my fingers up his rippling biceps and reveal all his secrets.

I whipped around to face my desk as he descended the ladder.

If Connor thought it was odd that shit was always breaking in my office, he had never said so. Either he hadn't noticed, or he'd been too polite to call me out on what was clearly vandalism of my own doing. But after weeks of minor nonstop repairs, he appeared to finally be on to me and ready to broach the subject.

"Shelf shouldn't go anywhere now," he said, dusting his hands across his thighs. "Weird how you said it just shook off the wall. Those brackets are in there with anchors. That shouldn't have happened."

He seemed to be studying my reaction, one eyebrow raised as he crossed his arms over what I suspected was a perfectly sculpted chest.

My cheeks began to burn. I'd had a crush on the hot, 20-something handyman since the day I moved into my new office and stumbled across him changing a lightbulb. Now I was busted. My mouth opened and closed, like a guppy gasping for air.

Connor took a step toward me. "There wouldn't happen to be another reason why I find myself in your office week after week... would there?"

I couldn't meet his gaze. "I don't know what you mean. This is an old building. Things break all the time." I moved to stand behind my desk. Feeling exposed, I needed a barrier.

Connor nodded. "That's true, lots of things break in old buildings," he said, his dazzling green eyes piercing mine. "But shelves don't rip themselves off the wall."

I bit my lip, willing my mind to deliver a witty comeback. I had nothing.

Instead, my eyes followed Connor as he strode over to finger my brand-new executive nameplate and smooth his hand across the edge of my desk.

"If I didn't know better, I'd almost think you want me in your office."

My reaction was a very unladylike snort. "Not likely," I said dismissively. "As I'm sure you

can see by the state of my desk that you're so rudely fondling, I'm quite busy. Far too busy to worry about where you are every day."

That last part was a step too far. *Don't blow it, Layla.* I chastised myself as he stared me down.

My defensiveness worked too well. My words wiped that smug grin right off Connor's face. Too bad that's not the outcome my aching pussy desperately craved.

"Well, if you're busy, I'll get out of your way."

Connor bent to pick up his tool bag, giving me a prime view of his ass. No, I definitely did not want him to leave.

"Wait," I shouted. He turned to face me, one eyebrow cocked in the way that always made the butterflies in my belly go crazy. "There is one other thing I need fixed."

"Oh yeah, what would that be? Have a bookshelf that mysteriously collapsed in the middle of the night? Or maybe a light fixture that fell from the ceiling?"

He was challenging me. Time for Plan B.

"Actually, it's my desk chair," I said, my heart hammering against my ribs. "I set it at the right height, but no matter how I turn the knob, I always find myself sinking to the floor."

I paused and glanced down, giving myself a moment to take a breath before forging ahead. "I don't have the right tools, but I'm sure you do."

I pasted on my most innocent smile, committing myself to what could be the most embarrassing moment of my life.

"Pretty as I think you'd be laid out on the floor, I'd better check that chair. Can't have the brand-new boss getting a bruise on her behind."

If he thought that speaking with such familiarity would piss me off he was sadly mistaken. Being a female executive meant that sex often took center stage, but never for the right reasons. It was hard enough to get male colleagues to respect my authority, let alone to get one into my bed. No, my male peers were far more interested in flashing their cash at 20-somethings than taking a peer for a drink.

Connor, on the other hand, didn't seem to have an issue with my status or my age. My nipples tightened at the mere mention of being on the floor in front of him. The fact that he'd admire such a view was another matter entirely.

"If you'd take a seat in the chair, I'll have a look and see what's happening."

"MY PUSSY ACHED FOR HIM AS HE LAVISHED ME WITH KISSES."

I nodded, slowly turning to my chair and silently willing it to play along.

Feeling for the edge of the seat with my knees, I lowered myself into the seat, careful to distribute my weight lightly so as not to disrupt the hydraulic I'd loosened earlier for this exact purpose.

I swiveled the chair to face Connor. "You see, when I keep my feet on the floor, I'm fine. But the minute I move..." I spread my legs, giving him the opportunity to look straight up my skirt as the chair glided downward. The movement hiked my pencil skirt up to my hips, and I was willing to bet that my hot pink thong was on full display.

Connor's eyes grew wide, and his tongue moistened those lips that I so desperately wanted to feel on my breasts, my neck, anywhere and everywhere. "I could take a look underneath if you want."

I gazed into those sparkling emerald eyes and smiled, feeling like the cat that got all the cream. "That would be great, thanks."

Connor lowered himself to the floor, easing his body under my chair, offering me an opportunity to admire his broad shoulders and tapered waist. God, he was beautiful.

"Another easy one. You've got the tension spring completely unscrewed." He glanced up to meet my eyes. "Before I fix this, maybe there's something else here that needs my attention?"

My pussy throbbed. I bit my lip and nodded. The gesture was the only invitation I could manage, and thank God, it was enough.

Connor's hands slowly trailed a path up my thighs toward the place where I ached for him. His hands were callused from work, and the roughness sent delicious shivers down my spine. As his arm snaked closer and his sleeve rose, his tattoo was finally revealed. A dragon rising from white-hot flames.

But I had no time to admire his ink. His thumbs found my pussy, stroking along the edge of my thong until I thought my body would ignite. I began to buck toward his fingers, begging for more than a simple caress.

Hot, wet lips joined his teasing thumbs, skirting around where I needed him most. My pussy ached for him as he lavished me with kisses. I slid down in my seat, willing his mouth to find my clit. My body was on edge; I was sure that even a feather-light touch would be enough to send me into ecstasy.

But when his kisses didn't progress from my thighs, I decided it was time to take control. I couldn't stand any more torturous little touches. Instead, I tangled my fingers in his thick, dark hair and pushed his head down to where my pussy demanded attention. He chuckled. "You're an impatient one, aren't you?"

Laughter or not, I got my point across. I heard the snap of my thong string breaking before hot, wet pressure on my clit sent me shooting to the stars. His tongue worked in staccato bursts, tapping and flicking, igniting my nerve endings until I was writhing helplessly in the leather chair.

The fantasies I'd concocted were nothing

LETTERS

KINKY COUGARS

compared to actually experiencing Connor's tongue on me. Every flick, lick, suck, and swirl issued another spark that left me desperate with need.

He pulled back for a second, making me cry out in protest. But I didn't need to worry. Connor clearly had plans for my pussy. Languid licks along my slit had my back arching before his tongue plunged inside me. I wriggled my hips, grinding against his mouth in an attempt to finally claim my orgasm.

His tongue wandered back to my clit, licking and teasing me in a torturous rhythm. Teeth lightly grazed me, sending shivers up my spine, before Connor's lips locked over my clit to suck some more. A jolt of electricity surged through my body. My hips lifted off the chair, and I begged him to let me come.

When Connor switched to a swirling motion I lost it, whimpering as my body lurched toward his mouth. I hadn't yet caught my breath when Connor quickly repositioned me; I found myself face down, my cheek pressed against the cool leather seat. My young lover gently spread my thighs, angling my hips so I was fully exposed to him. I wanted him to explore my every nook and cranny.

I gasped when I felt his tongue circle my asshole, toying with a spot I'd never let anyone examine. But with Connor I didn't care. The tip of his tongue produced magical results, making my pussy pulse with need.

Connor wandered back down to my slit, licking up all the evidence of my arousal before circling a finger around my hot, sensitive core. He finally started to fuck me, sliding in one finger, then two and finally three, twisting his digits in a way that made me gasp. I met his hand thrust for thrust, my body hurdling toward a thrilling climax.

His fingers curved inside me, stroking at the spot that would send me to heaven. Connor massaged my inner passage as he rammed in and out of me, and his tongue continued its dance across my asshole. The intoxicating combination brought me to an earth-shattering orgasm that left my body shaking with pure delight. The climax rocked me, and a rush of honey flooded my slit. I was breathless, my limbs feeling pleasantly numb.

As I struggled to catch my breath, I ran my fingers through his hair and smiled.

"Same time tomorrow? I might find that my desk is missing a leg..."

"How about tonight? I bet there's plenty of work I could do at your place."

"And I can pay you for your fine services today," I responded with a wink.

Connor grinned, his face glossy with my juices. "I can't wait to collect."

–L.K., New York, New York

JACKED UP

When my car broke down in Idaho I let out a string of curses, preparing myself for an evening in a shitty motel. Then the world's hottest mechanic arrived in the town's only tow truck, and I got the impression that my car failure could be very lucky.

But after three days with no news about my car and no gorgeous grease monkey in my bed, I'd had enough. I marched myself the mile from the motel to the garage, determined to fix the car myself if I had to.

I burst through the door at 4:59.

"We're closed," came a voice from the back.

I rolled my eyes. "You are not closed. You're open for another 60 seconds."

Riley appeared, drying his hands. He was clearly done for the day, but another minute wouldn't kill him.

His eyes ogled me from head to toe. He didn't seem to mind that I was at least 20 years older than him, but his admiration didn't change the state of my car. "Like I said, we're closed."

I crossed my arms, pushing up my breasts. A girl's gotta try.

"You are not closed. There is a customer right in front of you."

Riley sighed. "Sorry, the parts didn't come in yet."

"It's been three days," I wailed, dreading my return to the motel.

"Maybe you haven't noticed, but we're in the middle of nowhere. Things take time around here."

I refused to show I was near tears. "I can't stay another night at that motel."

"You're staying at that shithole on Main?" I nodded, and he looked pissed. What the hell?

"My spare bedroom is better than that dump."

I stared at him. He wanted me to stay in his house? Was he crazy?

"Thanks for the offer, but I don't stay with strangers."

"Town's only two miles long. There's no such thing as a stranger here."

He had a point, but I was not from East Bumble-Fuck, so I had some reservations. "Thank you, but I'll be okay."

Riley shrugged. "Suit yourself. I can drop

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you off at the motel on my way home." He turned, giving me an opportunity to admire his broad, young shoulders.

"Wait!"

He paused. *It's now or never*, I thought.

"It would be my own room with a real bed and clean sheets?"

Riley turned and pulled a half smile. "I'll even throw in a pillow."

"Well, let me grab my other bag from the car. And if you'll bring me to the motel to pick up the rest of my things, you've got yourself a house guest."

Riley smiled. "You got it."

Maybe staying with a total stranger wasn't the smartest decision, but it would get me a hell of a lot closer to Riley's bed, which was exactly where I wanted to be.

I slid myself into the backseat of my car, my ass in the air as I searched for my remaining luggage. I glanced over my shoulder in time to catch Riley admiring my butt. Normally I'd question myself, but second-guessing wasn't necessary. The man was painfully obvious, which made me feel flustered.

"I-I've got it," I stammered, clutching my bag and rolling onto my back so I could slide out of the car with some dignity. Of course being nowhere near graceful, now Riley could look straight up my skirt.

My feet finally touched the floor, but Riley didn't move. My face was barely level with his chest. My fingers itched to touch what I imagined to be well-defined pecs beneath the taut fabric of his T-shirt.

I glanced up, biting my lip to avoid saying something embarrassing. He reached out to tuck a curl of hair behind my ear, and I gasped. Even that innocent touch sent a trail of fire straight to my core.

Riley's lips touched mine, and I sighed. My flesh tingled with excitement. I'm not sure if I fell into the backseat out of shock or if Riley helped nudge me back, but either way I was happy.

Riley hovered over me, my hips cradled between his powerful thighs. He kissed a slow trail along my collarbone, worshipping one side of my neck, then the other. The kisses became little bites, making me moan with delight. But I didn't see why only one of us got to touch; my hands were absolutely itching to explore Riley, and I gave in to my longing.

I slid my hands from his shoulders down the smooth plane of his back before moving around to investigate his abs. Oh my, what abs he had.

"RILEY'S TONGUE TEASED MY CLIT, SENDING RIPPLES OF PLEASURE TO MY TOES."

I tugged at the hem of his T-shirt, determined to reveal what felt like the most delicious six-pack. Riley resisted, seemingly trying to kiss me until I came. But I wanted more, so much more. He finally tore his lips from mine, giving me just enough time to whip his shirt over his head and enjoy an eyeful of truly beautiful man before his lips connected with mine once again. He growled into my neck, "If my shirt's off, yours goes, too."

Just like that my shirt was gone, tossed somewhere over Riley's shoulder onto the dirty garage floor. I didn't care. I wanted more of that mouth and...other things.

No shirt meant that my tits were in full view, perfectly pushed up in my favorite purple lace bra. But Riley wanted that gone, too. He slipped his thumbs beneath the straps and pulled them down, exposing my tight, pink nipples that ached for his touch.

He pulled one nipple into his mouth, slowly rolling his tongue over that nub and making me writhe beneath him. While his mouth worshipped one nipple, his fingers tortured the other. Gentle caresses alternated with painful little tugs, pushing me to an edge that I didn't even know existed. I could feel my arousal soaking through my panties, and I needed more.

I hooked my leg around Riley's, rocking my hips against him. That little bit of pressure made me see fireworks, but it wasn't good enough for Riley. He was already sliding down my body, taking my skirt with him.

He sat up and eyed my matching bra and panties with approval. "You're so fucking hot," he said, his smile revealing one perfect dimple in his right cheek. "I love that these panties let me see everything I want."

Riley quickly disposed of my panties and then I felt his thumbs caressing my hot, wet folds. He may have liked looking at my sheer undies, but I was learning fast that Riley didn't appreciate things getting in his way.

With the damp lace gone, I was totally exposed to Riley's roving gaze. Fingertips brushed along my abdomen before slowly circling each of my rosy nipples. Every caress set my body aflame. I was a spring coiled tight, straining to release.

Two fingers played at my entrance, teasing and massaging, drawing primal cries from deep within me. When his thumb finally found my clit and fingers pressed against my G-spot,

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KINKY COUGARS

I saw stars. I was screaming, but I have no idea what I said. In fact, every coherent thought left my body the moment his mouth met my slit.

Riley's tongue teased my clit, sending ripples of pleasure straight to my toes. He circled and sucked, ramping up my arousal until I couldn't take another moment. I wound my fingers through his thick brown hair and pushed down, demanding more.

When Riley started humming against my clit, I lost it. I sat upright, crying out in ecstasy as fireworks exploded before my eyes. Oh. My. God. If this is what good sex felt like, I had a bone to pick with a string of exes.

I laid back, struggling to catch my breath. Riley was still leaning over me, raining kisses along my chest, neck and jaw. "You ready for round two?"

Round two? There was more than one round? "I don't think my body was built to go more than one round."

"Honey, your body was built for lots of things. If you never made it to round two, you've been training with the wrong coach."

He stepped out of the car before reaching into his back pocket to produce a wallet and, thank God, a condom. "There is one other thing I'd like to do first." He snatched up my discarded panties. "Like being tied up?"

My heart pounded, and I nodded to signal my approval.

Soon my beautiful purple panties were wound around my wrist and attached to the door handle. Maybe I should have been scared to let a stranger do this, but I'd already let him eat my pussy and the night was still looking up. This beautiful young man seemed like the answer to all of my dirty dreams.

"I WRAPPED MY LEGS AROUND HIS HIPS, DRAWING HIM IN DEEP."

My arms were stretched high above my head, pinning my shoulders to the seat. My tits were high, too, my nipples already tight and begging for attention. I pressed my thighs together, desperate to relieve the throbbing that was building below.

After slipping on the condom, Riley parted my legs and crawled between my thighs to kneel before me. "Let's see how much more you feel when you can't move your arms."

His fingertips brushed above my pussy, blazing a fiery trail along my tummy, straight to my breasts. His hands cupped my tits while his thumbs slowly circled each nipple. My hips bucked, and my arms pulled reflexively against the delicate, lacy restraint.

Riley's fingers tightened around my right nipple, gently rolling around the bud before pinching me. The act sent a jolt of electricity straight to my pussy, and I rolled my hips against Riley's, desperate for more.

The tip of his cock teased my entrance. I thrust my hips up and tried to rise, but the restraint held me back, making me whimper in frustration.

Riley laughed. "You're not getting away that easy, honey."

He slid the tip of his cock up and down my slit, heightening my arousal. I could feel my own wetness coating my thighs, and I ached for him to fuck me.

When he finally dipped the tip of his cock inside my body, I shivered. I was torn between desperation and relief. His fingers danced around my breasts again, setting every nerve ending aflame.

My pussy tightened around Riley's cockhead, demanding his attention. He responded with a hard thrust. I wrapped my legs around his hips, drawing him in deep.

Riley braced himself against the seat with one bulging bicep, suspending himself above me as he fucked me until I couldn't see straight. I was delirious, my pussy quivering as he drove into me over and over again.

I'd never come twice, but somehow Riley pushed me to the edge again. My fingernails dug into the tangled panties as my body tightened, ready to explode.

He pressed a thumb against my clit, and I was a goner, losing all sense of self as my orgasm crashed over me. My pussy tightened, pulling Riley toward an orgasm of his own. Two more thrusts and he was gone, throwing his head back as he rode me to the finish.

Riley lowered himself onto me, placing his forehead against mine and dusting my mouth with little kisses. "Still wish those parts were in?"

I giggled. "I'm focused on a different part now."

–W.D., Atlanta, Georgia

A proud mature lady who still has a healthy sexual appetite—that's a cougar! If you are one or know one and have a story to tell, Penthouse wants to hear it. Mail your tale to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department KC, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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PURSUIT & CAPTURE

CUNTSTRUCK

Two big things happened in my life at once, and they led to the third thing that happened—a wicked, crazy, sexy thing.

The first two things: I got fired from my accounting job because of downsizing, and at almost the same time, I received an inheritance. Being unemployed panicked me. I would be screwed on rent, on my car payment. But less than 24 hours later, I found out a very elderly relative had left everything to his "favorite grand-niece." I'd phoned Great Uncle Walter once a month for years and never failed to send him a Christmas card, but I hadn't expected this.

He hadn't left a fortune, but it was still a very tidy sum, enough that I could take some time off before looking for a new job. At age 27, I hadn't had a vacation or even a break in years. I was suddenly sick of my straitlaced life.

Time to do something for me. But...what?

It was surreal having my days and nights free. I wandered in a daze. I wasn't in a relationship. I hadn't had a real girlfriend in two years, and the occasional random pickup or night alone with my vibrator wasn't very satisfying. Trying to think of fun things I used to enjoy, I remembered going to dive clubs in college to see all sorts of acts. So, one night I hit the warehouse district and went into this seedy bar to hear some live music.

The joint was wonderfully sleazy, full of punks and hipsters. I sipped a whiskey as the lights dimmed, and a quartet erupted onto the club's cramped stage. Guitar strings shrieked, drums were pounded, and bass thumped so loud I felt it in my bones. At first it was just a wall of noise, but I quickly recognized the genuine musical talent behind all that thrashing.

A spotlight picked out the lead vocalist, who was also shredding on a guitar. My heart did a funny leap in my chest, and I went immediately and deliciously damp in my panties. The woman heading the band was a rock-diva goddess come to frantic life. She wore a beat-up black leather jacket gleaming with safety pins. Her red tights hugged her toned legs. She stomped around in black biker boots as she wailed into the mic and tore electrified music from her guitar strings.

She was totally fucking hot.

I was completely captivated, staring at her and practically drooling. She had spiky ink-black hair, where mine was long and blonde. She wore heavy eyeliner and fierce purple lipstick, while I was almost barefaced.

I found myself moving into the eager crowd before the stage. The other musicians were very capable with their instruments, but it was plainly this electric female who was the band's driving force.

I got as near as I could. People were screaming around me. I gazed up at her. Her luscious tits heaved under a white T-shirt, the fabric sweat-soaked enough that I could see her pebble-hard nipples. I wanted to nibble those so bad. I wanted to do everything to her and with her.

One song blazed to is searing conclusion. The quartet paused. She breathed hard into the mic, a grin splitting her lovely face. Quickly, she introduced her bandmates, finishing up by saying, "And I'm Brooke!" At that same moment, she looked down and our eyes seemed to lock.

So...I was madly in lust with Brooke, I decided then and there. Some part of me knew this was a weird fixation, coming at a unique interval in my life. But I wanted Brooke. I wanted to bury my face between her lush thighs and tongue her pussy until she screamed.

And that was how I ended up following the band from town to town, and venue to trashy venue. They always got big turnouts and were on the cusp of breaking through to the big time. This tour was going to end in Los Angeles, where they were scheduled to appear on a popular podcast.

Yet, despite my determination, I still never got a chance to actually meet Brooke. To talk face-to-face with her. To tell her how awesome I thought she was, and how badly I wanted to lick every inch of her gorgeous body.

The band hit their gigs guerrilla-style. They rolled in, stormed the stage, played their set, and fled. Yet I saw her night after night from the audience. She would seem to grin at me during a song, and a desperate thrill would set my pussy quivering.

It was an insane vagabond existence for me. I even got a leather jacket of my own. But just before Los Angeles, I wondered if I was being a complete fool. Hell, I didn't even know if Brooke liked women.

As I came to the latest venue, I paused at the entrance, doubting everything. Across the street was another bar. Impulsively, I turned and crossed toward it. Maybe I should think

about heading back home and restarting my normal life.

I nursed a couple drinks while the band–presumably–played across the street. Strangely, I felt like I was letting Brooke down. The bar was dim, with a bartender who seemed to spend most of his time in the back.

Just as I was deciding against ordering another drink, the door opened and a taut figure in boots and a leather jacket strode in. Brooke!

Nobody else recognized her, but I gaped from down the bar as she ordered a drink. Her spiky hair still gleamed with sweat. I studied the tight outline of her ass atop the barstool.

Suddenly, she turned, and like before our eyes seemed to lock. Except this time I knew she saw me.

"What're you doing here?" I blurted, knowing she and the band always took off right away after a gig.

Brooke said, "I'm nervous about the gig in LA. I needed a quiet drink. Some time away from the band." She eyed me. "I looked for you tonight. Didn't you see the show?"

I was stunned. "You looked for...me?"

She knocked back the drink and walked over. On stage she spun like a dervish. Now she slunk toward me like a sexy jungle cat. Desire welled up in me, tingling my skin and moistening my lonely pussy.

"I always look for you," she purred. "I keep promising myself that one night I'm going to bag that fine-looking babe." She looked around with a mischievous grin. "Tonight's that night. You game?" I nodded. "Well, then come on!"

She grabbed my leather jacket and pulled me off my stool. Instead of heading for the door, though, we went to the back of the underlit bar. The bartender was MIA again. Brooke pulled open a door. Dim stairs descended. She tugged me along, and I followed her down into a brick-walled cellar.

Only a single dusty bulb burned among the shelves and old crates when we reached the bottom of the steps. My heart pounded frantically. You don't expect fantasies to come true.

She turned to me, grabbed my jacket once again and yanked me close. There was a second of breathless anticipation, then our mouths came mashing together. Our lips parted, and I tasted her tongue. It was a deep, grinding kiss, our breath and spit mingling.

I was jammed tight up against her firm, beautiful body. I heard the creak of leather on the musty air. Her hands went up under my jacket as I groped my way down her back to boldly cup her ass cheeks.

"MY TONGUE FLICKED HER, MY TEETH GENTLY GRAZING HER NIPPLES."

She seized my tits, squeezing me through my shirt, exciting my nipples to stiff attention. I groaned into her open mouth. My hands kneaded her backside through her sweat-damp tights. She must have just come offstage.

We shed our jackets. Her nips were prominent against her T-shirt. Feeling brazen, I peeled the shirt off her body. Her tits were gloriously firm mounds, topped with lovely pinkish nipples that looked delicious.

I bent and licked a path up between her sweet hillocks, tasting her tangy perspiration. I put my mouth first on one breast, then the other. My tongue flicked her, my teeth gently grazing her nipples. She responded with ecstatic jerks and low moans. I sucked her harder until she wound her fingers into my long blonde hair and grunted.

When I straightened up, her eyes were blazing within their cocoons of smeared eyeliner. She stripped my shirt away and grabbed my tits like she was a mountain climber and I was the cliffside. Her grip was strong. I squirmed with pleasure. She bent and gave my tits a good suckling, and then we kissed once again, tongues battling like mad.

Some part of me still couldn't believe this was actually happening. Even when I'd set out to follow her band, the unadventurous side of myself who'd been in accounting too long had doubted I would ever truly catch up with this woman, no matter how desperately I craved her. She had seemed almost mythic, something unattainable. Certainly, I'd never imagined she would *notice* me, much less *want* me.

But Brooke's desire was unmistakable as she ground her crotch shamelessly against mine. Tendrils of hot joy were radiating outward from my slick pussy. I had tasted her sweat. Now I wanted to drink her sex juices. I wanted to swallow the essence of this

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beautiful, vibrant female. I wanted to feel her come against my tongue.

Before I could move to get her out of those tights, she yanked my jeans down to my calves, pushed me up onto a pile of boxes, and hunkered down between my legs. She gazed, literally cuntstruck, at my shaved cleft. The gelled tips of her black hair skimmed against my inner thighs.

It was all I could do not to shriek at the top of my lungs when her tongue darted up into my cunt lips. We had closed the door at the top of the stairs behind us, but I didn't want the bartender or anybody else barging in. So I bit my lip as waves of carnal delight swept through my body.

Brooke's nimble tongue parted my folds. She lapped her way up and down my furrow, grazing the sensitive surface. Her hot breath tickled and teased me. I wanted her tongue deep inside me. My fingers gripped the edges of the wooden box. I shuddered with need. The teasing pleasure mounted and mounted until it filled me up, like water into a balloon. I felt myself ready to burst.

At last, she jammed her tongue up into me. I humped helplessly against her face, smearing my wetness over her chin. She zeroed in on my clit, flicking the swollen nub, plucking increasing pleasure from me.

Instinctively, I grabbed hold of her spiky-haired head, clutching a fistful of the crunchy black strands. I pressed my pussy even harder against her mouth. The miracle of the scene touched me, even as the sexual pleasure raged. I had a rock goddess's tongue up inside me. It was unbelievable.

But an instant later I made a believer of myself as a climax like the crescendo of one of her fiercest songs ripped through my soul. I came hugely, gushing into Brooke's hungry mouth. I heard her lapping and growling, taking every drop of me she could find.

Post-orgasmic sensations were like pops of electricity on my flesh as I sagged back against the stacked crates. Before I could relax, Brooke, still kneeling, grabbed my hips and spun me. I was doubled over the boxes, face forward. Brooke's fingers spread my ass cheeks, and her tongue swiped a wet trail right up my valley and over my exposed butthole.

I yelped, unable to contain the sound. Brooke's tongue smeared around my ring. The sensitive opening trembled, and a lovely vulnerable pleasure seethed through me. I savored the sensations. Brooke fearlessly drilled my opening, sending shots of warmth up my back passage.

She snuffled and licked, making her own groans of pleasure. The disbelief returned to me, as if my brain wouldn't let me fully accept that a talented important musician on the edge of stardom was eating out my ass! But the evidence was undeniable. So was the new orgasm rioting up over me. My legs shook under me, knees knocking the wood.

A delicious decadent ecstasy took hold of me. It was a wicked nasty climax, one that raised gooseflesh all over my body. With Brooke's tongue in my asshole, my pussy poured forth anew.

Behind me, she was panting and staggering back. I forced myself upright, stepping out of my boots and jeans. Brooke, her face drenched and gleaming in the low dusty light, grinned at me.

I grinned back.

Then I went to her and helped her out of her boots and her tights, now hopelessly sopping at the crotch. I grabbed an old sack off a shelf and spread it on the floor. It was as close to a bed as we were going to get. I lay down and told her to squat over my face.

For a moment she gazed down at me, taking all of me in, her pretty face lit with appreciation. I wondered what other groupies she had enjoyed, and then wondered if I was really something special to her. Maybe...

But for now I was more than content to see that sweet dripping pussy descending toward my mouth as she went into a squat over me. I inhaled her ripe scent. I thought of how often I'd seen this sinewy body writhing on stage, how many times I'd fingered myself in my motel room bed to thoughts of tasting this molten honeypot.

The reality was at last here. I put out my tongue and traced her slick slit. She jounced on her knees at the contact. My tongue tingled with her flavor. I lapped at her cleft some more. Her dark pubes tickled my nose.

Her hot interior awaited. I finally slid my tongue through her entrance. I tasted her silky hole as juices spilled over my lips. I felt her warm fluid on my chin, in my throat. I stabbed up further into her. She wailed like an alley cat.

It was when I had at her luscious engorged clit that she started grinding herself down onto my open mouth. I speared her even deeper. She reached down and grabbed my hair again. She forcefully humped my face. I loved the strength in her. I loved her taste.

I also loved when she snarled down at me, "Eat that cunt, you hot little bitch! Yeah! Yeah! Get that fuckin' tongue right up there!"

More than happy to oblige, I licked and sucked at her. But I wanted to taste even more of her, so I reached up and grasped her hips, shifting her so I could lap away at her asshole, as well.

She went crazy for that, bucking on top of my face. My tongue flashed from pussy to ass and back again, in a growing blur. As Brooke started to climax, she babbled more beautiful obscenities. Her pleasure was radiant as she came streaming all over my lips and tongue. I drank and drank, sating myself with her flavor.

When we dressed and marched up the stairs, Brooke nonchalantly threw a 20 on the bar as the bartender sputtered at us. I was happy and content. I had succeeded in my quest. Now it would be back to my old staid life, right?

The LA appearance did wonders for the band, and their popularity increased tremendously. Brooke stayed in touch with me. Last time she flew up to see me for a torrid fuck session, she mentioned that her band was raking in so much money they needed a full-time accountant. Was I interested?

Take a fucking guess.

–R.B., via email

THE HUNT IS ON

Keith is a big lascivious goof. He's also a very rich goof. He's also my boss.

Keith works his investment team hard, demanding long hours and gainful results. But his weekend retreats are the stuff of corporate legend. He lavishes us with food, entertainment, luxuries...and games. They're always nude games, being that we're a unique group of like-minded individuals. We work hard—and play even harder.

This time Keith had flown his investor staff of 20 to a lush tropical island, with white sand beaches and a jungle-like interior. At a private resort, we were wined and dined on our first night, treated to Jacuzzis and massages and rooms with luxurious Egyptian cotton sheets.

Keith, with a wild shock of white hair, presided over it all. As demanding as he was at corporate headquarters, he wouldn't let anybody mention business on the island.

"You're here to relax, Cassidy, my dear!" he said when I tried to talk shop. He kissed my hand with a mischievous gleam in his eyes.

So I enjoyed the awesome food and tropical drinks and live music with my colleagues. But I remained preoccupied. Not with work, but with Garrett. Garrett had just joined the firm, but I'd known him for a long time. And I'd wanted him so long it hurt.

Garrett was a hunky well-toned male with icy-blond hair and chiseled features. He had movie-star eyes and lips ripe for kissing.

So what was the problem? Why hadn't I, a hot late-20s babe, bagged this sweet, manly prize? I had met Garrett three years ago at a business convention and had seen him off and on at similar events since.

Problem was Garrett was always in a relationship whenever I approached him. It made sense that a guy as off-the-charts hot as him would attract a lot of girlfriends, but it annoyed me. He was evidently a faithful boyfriend. He was also smart, witty, caring. But none of that had gotten me any closer to jumping his bones over the past three years.

I had a bad case of the hornies for him. This weekend was the first time I could talk to him since he'd been hired onto our staff. Office gossip had it he was currently single. But I had a new problem now: I couldn't find him anywhere on the resort. All my female coworkers were accounted for. I wondered if he'd slipped off with a waitress to swim naked

"I LOOKED LIKE A PORNOGRAPHIC WARRIOR-SOLDIER."

in the moonlight. The thought got me aroused and frustrated at the same time.

Eventually, I retired to my room and fingered myself to fantasies about Garrett. Tomorrow, Keith had told me, the "games" would begin. He said it with a wink. No one knew what he'd planned.

No one had to participate in the games, of course, which were traditionally conducted in the nude. It was just carefree fun. Keith liked all that young jiggly flesh, and we all needed to do something wild to let off stress.

In the past I had played nude volleyball,

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gone nude waterskiing, even been in on a nude pie fight. What would it be this time? Whatever, I couldn't wait to see Garrett in just his skin!

There was a knock on my room's door in the morning. One of the resort staff handed me a message. I was to go downstairs and take a Jeep to the coordinates marked on a map. Feeling like a secret agent, I got in the Jeep and drove off. Whatever the game was, I figured we were all going to start out separately.

The island's interior was beautiful. I followed a rutted road until I reached a shack. Inside was another message, plus the gear I would need for the day's game.

Nude paintball!

Laughing, I got out of my clothes, and then donned the boots, helmet, knee and elbow guards. In addition to the equipment, there was a note assuring the game's participants that the equipment we were using was specifically calibrated so the nontoxic paintballs wouldn't injure naked skin. That was a thoughtful and important detail, as I knew from past experiences that traditional paintballs could really pack a wallop.

I picked up my gun and grinned at my reflection in a full-length mirror in the shack. I looked like a pornographic warrior-soldier.

"HE SPEARED ME TO MY CORE, OPENING UP DEEP SENSATIONS."

I squeezed my full tits, perking up my nips, feeling a tingle in my pussy. I couldn't wait for Garrett to see me like this.

A new map showed me the playing area, several square miles of open country. No roads. Just me on foot against my colleagues. Last person standing wins.

Walking outside, I felt a delicious vulnerability. Blue sky overhead, sun on my bare skin, my athletic body exposed for all to see. Only, there was nobody around. I marched through the tropical landscape, paintball gun at the ready.

As I covered ground, though, it got a little tiring. I was hot, even in this skimpy gear. I still saw no one else. Maybe the "battlefield" was too big, and we would never find each other in all this lush green growth.

I was beginning to feel seriously peeved when I topped a ridge and suddenly heard a splat! Hit right between the tits with a gob of red paint, I fell back on my ass in surprise. I was pissed off at my own carelessness. Who had shot me?

Someone stepped up onto the ridge from the other side, the sun illuminating the figure from behind. I blinked up at a muscular male form, paintball gun hanging at his side. His cock dangled, too, and a shiver went through me.

"You all right?"

It was Garrett! I shaded my eyes and beheld him in his full splendor. His exposed body was every bit as gorgeous as I'd hoped—strong legs and six-pack abs. I couldn't help but look at his cock again, my excitement rising.

I raised my gun and shot a splat of red goo onto his hard, hairless chest.

"Hey, you can't do that! You're already out." But he was grinning. It was a dazzling grin.

I set aside the paintball gun and stood. "I wanted you out of the game, too. I want your full attention."

He looked stunned. He was eyeing my bare body, taking his time. His gaze felt hotter on my skin than the tropical sunlight. His cock gave an enticing twitch.

"I'm Cassidy," I said.

"I know. We met three years ago—at the Cincinnati convention."

He remembered! He put down his gun and came down toward me. He said, "I wa ked a search pattern for half an hour. I don't think there's anyone out here but us." A message like I'd gotten had been delivered to his room, he said.

We were standing close. I smelled his sweat. He looked as erotic as I did in his ultra-revealing pseudo-soldierly gear. Three years I'd been hunting this man, and I caught up to him on a real hunt. Crazy!

"I looked for you last night," I said.

"I went out for a long run on the beach. Alone. I was thinking of you, though."

Garrett lifted a hand and touched his fingers to the gob of red paint still oozing down my front. "I hope that didn't hurt." As I shook my head, he smeared the liquid to either side,

brushing the inner slopes of my breasts.

Excitement rippled over me, hardening my nipples once more. I reached up to touch where I'd shot him. The paint was slick, almost like massage oil. I pressed my palm into it and daubed it across his firm pecs.

His cock lurched to a fully erect state. He closed his hand over my right tit. He caught my stiff nip between his thumb and finger. I moved nearer to him and felt the swollen crown of his cock press against my taut tummy.

I put my paint-smeared hands on his strong shoulders and pulled him down for a kiss. My tongue curled behind my teeth in anticipation. He swept down, and our mouths mashed together. Our lips parted and our tongues tangled. I groaned, jamming my body up against his. The oily paint had dribbled down my torso, and Garrett rubbed his cock against my slickened flesh. My pussy was practically dripping with need.

Our lip-lock was a deep long kiss, fulfilling many promises I'd made to myself over the years. Maybe Garrett had been some kind of symbol to me, my great white whale, the one fuck I had to have to satisfy some image I had of myself as a complete sexual being. But I also genuinely liked him.

His paint-wet palms moved across my back. He reached down to cup both halves of my ass. His fingers slipped between, down into my crack. I squealed happily as one fingertip trailed across the sensitive ring of my butthole.

I reached between our bodies and took his cock in my eager grip. The vein-lined shaft pulsed. I felt the hardness of him beneath the silky sheath of flesh.

We kissed again, even more fiercely this time, knocking our helmets off. We didn't bother removing the knee and elbow guards, and I certainly wasn't going to let him take off his boots. He continued kneading my ass cheeks like they were bread dough. I pumped his staff, getting my elbow into it.

I wondered if we really were out here by ourselves. If so, why weren't the others in on this nude paintball game? But the questions were far away in my mind. We lay down on the moist green grass. Nearby tropical fronds waved in the sultry midday breeze, playing light and shadow over our red-smeared bodies.

I saw I had painted abstract designs over his muscular form. He'd left similar marks on me. He eased me onto my back, lying next to me and reaching a hand down toward my waiting pussy. I spread my thighs in invitation.

Grinning, he teased a pair of paint-free fingertips over my damp pussy lips. I mewled at the soft graze of his nails, my excitement coming to a boiling point. Finally, he plunged a finger into me, wriggling it around within my soft clamping walls. Last night, I'd fingered myself to several orgasms with thoughts of Garrett in my head. Now his own digits were up in me as he added a second finger.

Garrett kept up a steady reaming rhythm. His thumb flicked my needy clit repeatedly, each time like the ringing of a bell, sending waves of pleasure through me. I gripped strands of dewy grass beside me. My ass bucked helplessly on the ground. He drove me relentlessly toward a climax that rattled me to my core.

Afterward, he sat up with a pleased expression. Wetness had flowed out of me, dribbling down into my ass crack and moistening my hole. I took his cock in my hand again.

"I need this beautiful thing inside me!"

All he could do was make an excited animalistic grunting sound. I liked the effect I was having on him. Maybe I'd really stayed on his radar all this time. Maybe he had thought it was just bad luck that whenever I'd been around, he'd had a girlfriend.

Of course, I should probably just be glad for this wild encounter right here and now. But I felt a real connection to him, as if this truly was the conclusion of a longtime hunt.

That connection was about to get a whole lot more literal. Garrett moved himself into place between my spread legs. Perspiration glistened on my inner thighs. My drenched pussy gleamed in the wavering sunshine. All the flora scents of the island washed over me, a potent perfume.

I kept his dick in my grip and rubbed his cockhead over my slippery folds, relishing the feel of him and teasing myself with that thick knob.

Finally, I let him go and lay back. With a snarl, he thrust himself fully into me. My whole body jolted, pleasure slamming home. My pussy held him desperately, with his balls flush up against me. He speared me to my core, opening up deep sensations. Half of it was the ultimate fulfillment of my years-long quest for this man, but the other half of my reaction was because Garrett had a big cock.

He started stroking that yummy meat into me, taking his time. I heard the wet squelching as his cock entered and withdrew and entered me again. His strong shoulders flexed. His firm ass lifted and fell.

His sizable cock drew the bliss up from my depths. I felt the heat of the tropical day mingle with the rising joy that permeated my body. It

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PURSUIT & CAPTURE

simmered in my flesh, roiled up and down my sweat-dribbling skin. Dazedly, I put my hands to my tits and kneaded the generous mounds, tweaking my own aroused nipples. There was still red paint on both of us.

Garrett looked down at me fondling myself and fucked me harder, spurred on by the sight. He plowed my pussy. His muscled body hammered down onto mine. I savored the mass and force of him, the full masculine prowess. The slapping noises of our bodies meeting echoed in the humid air.

A quake seized me at the roots of my physical being. It was a climax that reared up out of my deepest places, shaking every part of me. The pleasure was insanely intense. I cried out as it overwhelmed me, shrieking out loud and feeling totally uninhibited.

My outburst caused Garrett to pause, gazing down in wonder at the severity of excitement he'd elicited from me. He looked proud, and he should have been. I couldn't remember experiencing a more potent orgasm.

I decided to make use of his momentary hitch in our lovemaking. With a grin of my own now, I pushed against his solid chest until he started to tip backward. He went with the movement, lying out full length on the carpet of jungle grass.

I rose and stood over him. He gleamed with exertion, looking like a bronze statue of a Roman god after a rainstorm. His cock was pointing straight up, slick with my pussy juice. Still in my boots, I stepped over him, straddling his pelvis, and lowered my body toward his waiting shaft.

With careful precision I guided him, but I didn't slip him back into my pussy. I had something else in mind. My butthole still tingled from when he'd teased it earlier with his fingertips. I wanted more ass action. Squatting over him, I swirled his cockhead around my ring. The contact sent shivers of exquisite vulnerability through me.

I planted my boot heels and started to lower myself onto his cock. My asshole opened to his intruding knob, awakening a whole new set of pleasures in my body. I dropped slowly onto him. The angle felt awkward for a few seconds, until everything in me adjusted. I wanted this–badly.

With a growl, I jammed myself all the way down onto him, taking that big beautiful staff right up into my ass. A breeze blew over me, but it hardly cooled my sweaty skin. Flexing my taut leg muscles, I lifted and lowered myself on his pole.

"HE PLOWED MY PUSSY. HIS MUSCLED BODY HAMMERED DOWN ONTO MINE."

My ass squeezed him tightly. Beneath me, Garrett's handsome face was torn with mindless pleasure. I watched his eyes roll up into his head and his mouth open on a helpless moan.

I rode him. My pussy dripped in happy sympathy with my well-reamed asshole. I took him fearlessly up into me, bucking hard on him and losing myself in the furious carnal joy. The blue sky spun. The whole island was whirling under us. I slammed down onto him as hard as he'd plowed me before.

A great climax, as strong as a tropical storm, was flowing up over me as I felt his cock start to kick. In no time, he sent thick salty sprays of semen up into my quivering ass. I felt each hot individual jet of cream. Each burst of spunk accelerated my pleasure, increasing my rapture. I climaxed ferociously, again crying out. Garrett joined me, raising his raw voice in celebration. The wind rose, the island singing with us.

It wasn't until evening that we made it back to the resort. There we found that a relatively tame tournament of nude Ping-Pong had already taken place. Later, Keith confided in me that he'd set me and Garrett up, as he'd thought it might be something we would both enjoy. Keith may be a goof, but he's a great boss!

–C.S., Seattle, Washington

We always say it's better to be chased than chaste. If you've had an experience that will turn on fellow readers and inspire them to do a little pursuing of their own, tell us about it. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department PC, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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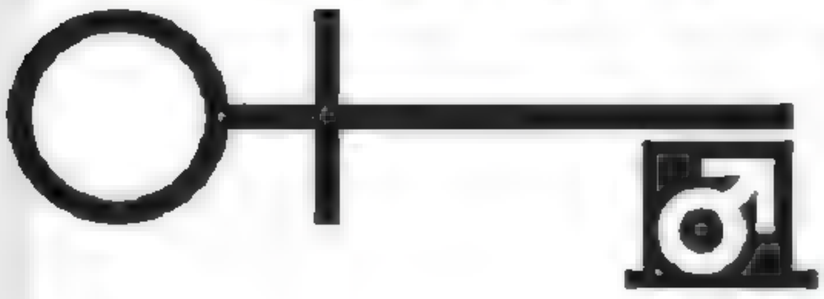

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SPOTLIGHT ON

GIRL MEETS GIRL

POSTURES OF PASSION

Melanie discovers a host of sensual pleasures when a one-on-one yoga session becomes an exercise in ecstasy.

I had never tried yoga before, and it showed. The class began with some easy poses, then got progressively harder. Downward-Facing Dog wasn't too difficult, but maneuvers like the Side-Reclining Leg Lift and the Boat Pose proved humbling. I consider myself pretty fit; at least I look fit in a bikini—and believe me, I'm my harshest critic. Still, I'm not as limber as I'd like to be, as my attempt at yoga was proving all too well.

When, toward the end of the class, the yogini bent her sylph-like body into a difficult pose called the Scorpion, I could only stare in astonishment. She showed us that one, and several other advanced poses, with a finesse that was both graceful and erotic.

Her name was Eva, and she was strikingly pretty, with long dark hair, ivory skin and lovely hazel eyes. Younger than me by at least a few years—I'm 30—Eva nonetheless demonstrated a mastery of yoga that you'd expect to find in someone older, more experienced. She was quite inspiring. Though toned and slender, she was not without curves. I envied the way her perky boobs filled her cropped top, and her clingy black shorts encased the cutest butt in the room. I found it hard to take my eyes off her.

There were a lot of us in that mirrored space, but Eva noticed my difficulties and came over several times to offer a guiding hand. At first I didn't know whether to feel embarrassed or grateful, but her kind smile and friendly manner quickly won me over.

"You're new at this," she whispered into my ear while helping me maneuver into a pose called Lord of the Dance.

I whispered back, "Is it that obvious?"

Eva smiled, and her eyes twinkled with mischievous secrets. "You have lovely *Shakti*," she murmured. "We just have to tap into it." Before I could ask what that meant, she drifted off to help someone else.

After class I waited for a chance to talk to her privately. She couldn't drop that *Shakti* business on me without explaining!

"*Shakti* means female energy," she told me. "Yours is abundant—and powerful." We were standing by the mirrored wall, our reflections joining us as if for a four-way tête-à-tête. Eva asked my name, and when I told her, she said, "Well, Melanie, with your *dosha*, I expect you'll advance quickly."

She was toying with me. Or was it flirting? Ever the optimist, I decided on the latter.

"Okay," I said, "what's *dosha*?"

"Physical body type." Her gaze flicked over me. "You have a very nice figure."

I felt myself blush. I may not have had Eva's yoga body, but like I said, I can hold my own on the beach. I know I look good.

"HER CLINGY BLACK SHORTS ENCASED THE CUTEST BUTT IN THE ROOM."

"Why did you decide to drop in on my class today?" Eva asked.

I brushed a lock of my blonde hair out of my eyes and said, "I want to be more flexible. Stronger, more limber. Like you."

Eva waited for more. Something about her made me feel that I should reveal everything. "My last lover was an acrobat in bed," I confessed. "And out of bed, too. Jill loved the wildest sexual positions. We had great sex. I envied the way she could bend her body."

Eva cocked an eyebrow but said nothing.

"And before Jill, I dated a guy who was tremendously strong. Yes, a guy, it's rare, but it happens," I stammered, seeing her quizzical look. "Anyway, he was into yoga, and he could hold me in lots of different ways when we—"

"Fucked," Eva said. She was grinning widely now.

"Um…yeah." I took a deep breath "So, when it came to sex, they were both inspiring and really fun to be with. Wow, I can't believe I just told you all that." I sat down on the floor to put my shoes on, avoiding her gaze.

"Thank you for your confidence," Eva said.

I glanced up. "Do I need private lessons?"

As Eva considered her response, something in her eyes sent tingles of excitement through me. I was so turned on.

"I'd love to help you," Eva said at last. "Not as your yogi, but as a friend."

"Okay—awesome," I stammered. "When?"

Her grin turned openly flirtatious. "How about meeting me here on Sunday?"

"I thought this place is closed on Sundays."

"It is. I have a key to the building. We'll have a private one-on-one session."

Realizing the possibilities in that remark, I took the hand she offered and got to my feet. "Fantastic." I was about to add "see you then" when I decided instead to use a yoga term. "*Namaste*."

She did a prim little bow with her palms pressed together—then shocked me by saying, "Whatever." Seeing the look on my face, Eva burst out laughing. "Look, I love yoga, and I certainly can help you limber up. But I don't live this stuff 24/7. C'mon, let's go get a cheeseburger."

Now it was my turn to laugh.

We left together, and over burgers and fries at the local greasy spoon, our nascent attraction grew by leaps and bounds. Our good-night kiss, when it came, made me wet with desire.

Sunday evening found us together again at her yoga studio. The mirrored room seemed larger with only the two of us in it. Eva's capris pants showed less skin than her boy shorts had the other night, but they clung to her hips and ass so tightly that the effect was just as sexy. She had placed two mats side-by-side on the floor. Indian music issued from the boom box in the corner. With patience and

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skill, Eva led me through a sequence of poses that made me feel relaxed yet vibrantly alive. Her hands were on me almost constantly, helping, guiding, offering balance. I loved every second.

"How are you feeling so far?" she asked.

"Loose," I said. "Malleable. Like putty."

"Good." She got back onto her own mat. "Ready to try something different?"

My pulse raced. "Like what?"

"*Vivastra Kama*." Eva took hold of her stretchy little top and pulled it off in one quick motion. "Nude yoga."

Her breasts, now naked, drew my stare. Capped with small, rose-hued nipples, Eva's boobs were as lovely as I'd imagined.

"Naked yoga has been practiced since ancient times." She proceeded to remove her pants, which turned out to be the only other article of clothing she had on. "It's legit," she went on, flashing me a randy smile. "Just like the attraction I'm feeling for you."

Fuck! Could the room get any hotter? Quickly, I followed Eva's example. With our clothes piled beside our mats, we stood facing one another, completely nude. And then, with a new exhilaration, we resumed our yoga lesson—though I doubted the pretense would hold up much longer. Eva's hands continued their manipulations of my limbs, exactly as before, helping me execute harder poses. All the while, I could see that she was eyeing my bare body, from my chest to my neatly groomed pussy. I, in turn, gazed at her nude form with open admiration. The harder the poses got, the more explicit they were. Soon nothing was left to the imagination for either of us, especially with that mirrored wall providing additional angles from which to view our actions.

"EVA'S PRIVATE BITS WERE RIGHT THERE IN FRONT OF ME, ON FULL DISPLAY."

"Can you do that one you did yesterday?" I asked Eva. "The Scorpion?"

She grinned and promptly struck the pose, balancing on her forearms with her legs arched over her head like a scorpion's tail. From the sinewy curve of her torso to the clenched globes of her butt, Eva was at that moment the most graceful thing I'd ever seen—and certainly the most erotic.

"Beautiful," I said. "Amazing."

Eva giggled. "What do you think of this one?" She planted her feet wide apart, grabbed her ankles and bent over at the waist until the top of her head touched the floor. Looking up at me through her legs, she said, "It's called the Wide-Legged Forward Bend." Eva's private bits were right there in front of me, on full display. The whole region was smooth, not a hair in sight. The wetness of Eva's arousal gleamed between her puffy pussy lips. "Impressive," I said. "And totally hot." I couldn't resist dropping my hand to my pussy and touching myself.

Eva saw what I was doing, and she watched me with rapt attention for a moment. Then she eased out of her position, got down on the floor and showed me her most strenuous pose yet—the "pose dedicated to the sage Koundinya II," she called it. Basically, she balanced herself on bent arms and, holding the length of her body parallel to the floor, she thrust her legs out like helicopter blades. The muscles in her arms and thighs tightened with the effort, and once again her nether region was on full view. A light sheen of sweat made her whole body glisten.

"Show-off," I said, as I worked my finger more ardently in the folds of my sex.

Eva got on her knees and went into Extended Puppy Pose: face and shoulders down on the floor, arms out in front, ass up behind. "Cat stretch" would have been a better name. Over her shoulder, Eva cast me a smoldering come-hither look.

Unable to hold back any longer, I got on my knees behind my new friend and stroked the supple curves of her backside. Eva's dewy-wet cunt beckoned, and I answered the call, dipping my tongue into her dripping cleft. At times like this I'm reminded that, while I enjoy the feel of a nice, heavy cock in my mouth, I always experience a unique thrill when I go down on a girl. Eva's scent filled my nostrils, inciting my lust. She made a soft yelping sound when my tongue entered her, and she rocked backward, urging me to probe deeper into her. The tip of my nose rubbed against her perineum, which triggered new moans of pleasure. "Oh, Mel," she intoned, "that feels so good." Inspired, I pressed my thumb to her tight anal orifice. Eva's entire body quaked, and she began to pitch to and fro in her Puppy Pose, repeatedly pushing her pussy against my mouth and her smaller opening against my

thumb to extract all the pleasure I could give her. When I twirled my tongue against her swollen clit, she shuddered from head to toe.

"Fuck! You're gonna make me come, I'm gonna come any second…" Eva's tremulous voice trailed off as her passion mounted. She grabbed fistfuls of her yoga mat and tossed her dark tresses about. I gave her cheeks one last squeeze, then took hold of her hips and really went to town on her clit. The tip of my tongue whipped across her sensitive button with lightning-fast flicks, just the way I like it when I'm on the receiving end. The technique worked wonders for Eva, too. Her pussy gushed, and with a scream of joy that was so high-pitched it was almost silent, she came hard against my mouth.

"Oh, you sweet girl," said Eva with a flushed grin when she finally turned to face me. "You are good." She pressed her lips to mine, reacting with that endearing giggle of hers when she tasted herself on me. "Now let me show you how to do the Reclining Bound Angle Pose and I'll return the favor."

She had me lay flat on my back, bend my knees outward, and touch the soles of my feet together so that my legs made a diamond shape. "Very good," she said, surveying my naked body with concupiscent approval. "You're more flexible than you realize. Your knees are almost touching the floor." She bent over me and lightly stroked my breasts as we made out for a minute. Then she moved south, trailing kisses down my torso. She reached my navel and kept going. The position she'd chosen for me opened my thighs wide, giving her an all-access pass to my pussy. I closed my eyes and squirmed in anticipation. Eva's silky hair swept across my lower belly; I felt the smoothness of her face between my thighs. A jolt of delight shook me and made me lift my ass off the floor when I felt the first touch of Eva's lips on my sex. It was just a kiss, a quick impression of her lips on my labia, but it sent my desire soaring.

"You're so sexy down here," Eva said, her breath warm against my pleasure zone. "I love this little landing strip." Her fingers danced in the trimmed curls of my bush. Then she got busy, eating me out with such obvious pleasure that she took my breath away. Her lips closed around my clit and applied gentle, insistent pressure, while at the same time she slipped a finger inside me.

"Oh," I muttered, "oh, fuck. Yes, that's—please, please keep…" Now I was the one unable to complete a sentence. The sparks of pleasure that Eva was igniting in my core were too powerful, too all-consuming to do anything but float along on a cloud of bliss. Her presence inside me grew fuller, more complete as she pumped two fingers in and out of my cunt. She lapped at my clit relentlessly until her rising passion compelled her to lie atop me, 69-style. In this new position she licked and sucked my clit happily, almost without missing a beat. She replanted her fingers inside me and brought me right to the edge in mere seconds. I, in turn, faced Eva's bald sex directly above my face. I reached up to squeeze the cheeks of her ass while I began licking her clit without mercy. She writhed on top of me, and her cries rose in pitch, joining my own moans of ecstasy until the room was loud with the sounds of our zealous lovemaking. A moment later, I howled like a banshee and came wildly against Eva's double-teaming fingers and tongue. She climaxed an instant later, her lithe body tensing atop me while her mouth stayed put on my sex. Together, we drew out the moment as long as it would last for us.

Afterward, Eva invited me to spend the night at her place. "You're going to be sore after all the work we did tonight," she said. "Better let me give you a massage." That sounded great to me, and I accepted at once, but when we got back to her condo, I fell asleep within minutes of getting into her big, comfortable bed. When I awoke, golden sunlight streamed through the window. Eva was awake already, lying on top of the covers in all her naked glory. She was watching me, and when our eyes met she smiled.

"How do you feel?"

"Fine." I started to sit up, letting the covers slide off my bare tits, and groaned. "Maybe not so fine. You were right. I'm pretty sore."

Eva chuckled. "That's a good thing, believe it or not. Your muscles are learning new habits. Want that massage now?"

I grinned and hugged her. Our boobs pressed together, soft and warm. "Where?" I asked.

"Right here. Just let me get some oil and a spare sheet."

Minutes later I lay nude atop the sheet, which completely covered the bed. Eva

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GIRL MEETS GIRL

opened a jar of coconut oil and started on my chest and shoulders. The stuff was solid in its container but turned to liquid when she applied it to my skin. The effect was delightful as she spread the oil on me with long, sensual strokes. She used a copious amount, too, returning again and again to the jar to get more.

Her hands glided smoothly over my breasts and down my belly, generously coating every inch of my skin with oil. She lingered at my vulva and slid her hand back and forth against my pussy lips several times, making me tremble, before she moved on to my legs. When she'd finished working on my feet, she had me turn over, and the massage continued. Eva's fingers felt so good on my back and even better as they reached the swell of my ass, gently digging into my sore muscles and smearing oil everywhere—even into my crack. I was quite turned on by this time, of course, and I couldn't help undulating beneath Eva's touch. My bottom rose to meet her caress, prompting her to loiter there. The way she rubbed her slickened thumb in circles around my back hole made me squirm with need. Eventually, she moved on again, slathering the backs of my thighs and calves until I was thoroughly greased all over.

Then Eva climbed atop me for a seductive, slippery embrace, her front to my back. She slithered against my skin, massaging me with her entire body. I felt her erect nipples brush my shoulder blades and her slick cunt rub against my ass. The experience was incredibly erotic, and I moaned with an arousal that was almost unbearable. The front of Eva's body was soon as well-oiled as I was. As we slid together, my ass continued to bump repeatedly against her clit, making her wriggle and moan. She ground her sex against the lubricious globes of my derriere for a moment longer, relishing the sensation, before bringing her hand to bear on my pussy. Her inquisitive fingers probed not only my vagina but my anus, too. I shuddered with pleasure and reached back to touch Eva's hand as she worked it within my crease. Spurred on by my passion, as well as her own, Eva slid downward and pressed her face into my groove. I felt her tongue down there, lapping vigorously at my clit, while she pushed a finger into my anal opening. A primal yowl escaped my lips, and I grabbed hold of

"I FELT HER TONGUE DOWN THERE, LAPPING VIGOROUSLY AT MY CLIT."

the sheet beneath me, bracing for the mighty orgasm coming around the bend. Eva's attack was skilled and relentless. She had my hips rising and falling in quick jerks against her eager mouth and her probing finger until I lost myself in a mammoth climax. "Fuck, yeah—fuck yeah, I'm coming!" I shouted, overcome with sensation.

When my head cleared and my body quieted, Eva rolled onto her back. She stretched her arms above her head and folded her legs back so that her feet were on either side of her ass.

"That's the Reclining Hero Pose," I ventured.

"Right," she said, clearly enjoying the position. She wanted a lot more than a good stretch, however. "C'mere."

I answered her summons with a new surge of excitement. Eyeing Eva's shiny yoga-toned

body, I got on top of her and rubbed my slick skin against hers. I couldn't get enough of that slippery sensation! Sparks of pleasure emanated from everywhere our bodies made contact. As I slid downward, my breast rubbed across Eva's pussy, eliciting a purr of satisfaction from my lover. I tried toggling her clit with my nipple, and that made her gasp with delight. She arched her back and grabbed her breasts as I continued to massage her swollen clit. She got more and more worked up, to the point where I knew a few quick flicks of my tongue on her sensitive spot would finish her off. So I did just that, sealing my mouth to her sex and dancing my tongue across her clit. In mere seconds, Eva tensed up and cried out her release. I crawled upward over her body and held her close as the climax coursed through her frame.

I thought that might be the end of our sexual workout, but Eva was not sated. Neither was I, actually. Eva and I were well matched in that regard. Still on top of her, I swung around to straddle her in the opposite direction, facing her feet.

"Hey, good job, you're in sort of a modified Garland Pose," said my companion, ever the yoga maestro. My sex was right in front of her face, of course, so Eva did what came naturally to her: She snaked out her tongue to probe my cunt while slipping a still-greased finger into my bottom.

"Oh, yeah," I murmured, enjoying the way she penetrated me. "Do it, do it."

"How about a toy?" She reached out, opened her nightstand drawer, and retrieved something. I looked back in time to see her wielding a ribbed dildo.

"Looks like fun," I said, tingling all over.

Eva slid the toy inside me, and I was suffused with a delicious feeling of fullness down there. I gasped and rocked backward, taking the toy deeper. Eva slapped my ass and began pumping the dildo smartly between my pussy lips. Her finger, meanwhile, was still in my ass. "That feels fucking awesome," I cried, pitching forward and back like a crazy woman. "Do you have something I can use on you?"

Again the drawer opened and closed, and Eva handed me a seamless metal butt plug. Perfectly smooth, the toy had a pleasant weight in my hand. I made it shiny with coconut oil, then carefully positioned the plug at her puckered orifice.

"Go ahead," Eva called, breathing hard with lusty anticipation. "Put it in my ass."

She straightened her legs out and opened her thighs wide. I pushed the toy in with gentle but firm pressure. Her sphincter accepted it readily, then sealed up again, leaving only the flared base visible.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh…" Eva's staccato grunts were laced with pure, unadulterated satisfaction. When I tugged on the toy's base, just enough to tweak my companion's sensitive backdoor, she responded with a long, low moan. Meanwhile, her clit was ripe for action, too. I took the swollen nub between my lips and sucked with alternating light and firm pressure. The combined oral and anal stimulation nearly overwhelmed Eva. She writhed beneath me, yet somehow managed to keep the dick in my vagina and her finger in my fanny. I, too, was feeling waves of pre-orgasmic sensation by this time. I wasn't sure who would come first, but Eva won that race. Her supple thighs clenched around my ears and her pussy doused my mouth as her shrieks filled the room. I kept lapping at her clit and jostling the toy in her ass, which made her orgasm go on much longer. Her most powerful shudder came when I eased the plug out of her rear hole. As the storm subsided, she discarded the dildo she'd been using on me and pressed her mouth to my vulva. She licked and sucked my clit with a voracious hunger while her finger wriggled in my anus, and suddenly I was coming, too.

"Oh my—" Whatever else I uttered was unintelligible. Eva drank her fill of my juices and then, at the last second, withdrew her digit from my bottom.

"What an incredible start to the day," I said, when I regained the power of speech.

"A day for relaxing," said Eva with a laugh. "Tomorrow—"

"Tomorrow," I interjected, "more *Vivastra Kama!*"

–M.G., via email

EROTICA

THROUGH A MIRROR HOTLY

A writer searching for erotic inspiration discovers his perfect muse.

By Ian Stessa

"My editor said I could write anything I wanted," I told my lovely wife who was standing in my home office doorway. She'd just come in and had paused, seeing me at my desk, staring with uncharacteristic blankness at my computer screen.

Normally at this time of day I'd be writing up a storm. But one of my editors would also have given me a specific assignment.

Yvonne tilted her dark-haired head. "Isn't it freeing to have all your options?"

"After eight years in this business I'm used to parameters." My business was adult literature. I wrote erotic stories and books. It was a good living because I could produce quickly, to any specifications.

"Well," Yvonne smiled, "I'm sure you'll think of something. You always do." She continued on her way upstairs.

I got up and went to my bookshelves. I liked my editor and he probably thought he was giving me a treat: write a porn story of my own choosing, any topic. No category suggested, no test-marketed theme offered.

My eyes wandered the titles of my past books and anthologies, all brimming with professionally rendered eroticism. I enjoyed my field. I truly thought I made the world a slightly better place with each tale of romance and unbridled carnality that I wrote. I couldn't let the prudes and the squares win.

Yvonne had always been incredibly supportive. She didn't think I was "squandering" my writing talent like some acquaintances did. Frankly, she thought my porn was damn hot. I had married very wisely.

I pulled out a random title. It was Snow Bunnies, the second novel I ever wrote. In it two beautiful accomplished women chase a suave ski champion to resorts around the world. In the confrontation scene, the female rivals simultaneously discover the ugly truth about the lothario skier and he flees with a third woman, both clad only in bunny slippers. I thought that was hilarious at the time. I've matured some since, but it still makes me chuckle.

I flipped to the scene at the book's end and read...

"Brie's eyes felt seared by the sight of Randolf and that bitch's bare butt bobbing away through the snow beyond the cabin's open door. Valerie was laughing like a loon. It was she who shut the door against the cold, leaning back and gazing intensely at Brie, who stared back. It was the third time the two of them had locked eyes like this recently. Filled with passion and longing. But this time Randolf was gone—truly gone—from their lives.

"I SAW HER EXPOSED BREASTS, FIRM AND HIGH. HER NIPPLES STOOD STIFFLY."

"'Why don't we throw another log on the fire?' Valerie suggested with a purr in her voice.

"Brie's flesh responded with a tingle. Again, she felt the allure of this woman—someone no longer a rival, she realized. As she went to the stone fireplace, Valerie stepped up behind her. Brie felt arms snake around her trim middle. She remembered the near-fistfight they'd had in Switzerland, but this was nothing like that incident.

"She turned, and Valerie's cool Teutonic face was so close. With a feeling of pushing off at the top of an expert ski run, she put her lips to the other woman's, just grazing. The contact raised gooseflesh all over her body.

"When Valerie kissed her back with a voracious growl, thrusting out her tongue, Brie's pussy started to flow with arousal. She answered Valerie's fierce tongue-stab with one of her own. They kissed deeply, moaning into each other's mouth.

"Hands tore at snow jackets, zippers parted, fingers hastened with buttons. Boots and ski pants went flying. When Brie finished snapping her black panties down her toned legs, she found Valerie posed naked and glorious before her, firelight making magic of that magnificent feminine form.

"*Who the fuck needs Randolf's cock when I can have this?* she wondered giddily, as the two women lay down before the fire, the same spot where both of them had planned to finally consummate matters with the international ski champ. In seconds, Valerie had maneuvered them into a 69 position. Brie, with a vast happy sigh, at long last buried her face between her new lover's creamy thighs, at the same instant that Valerie's electric tongue speared her streaming pussy..."

It's surely unseemly to be aroused by one's own writing. But pride in my words made me swell a bit. (Ahem.) Sales on this book had been decent. I wondered, abstractly, just how many people had gotten off from reading it. How many remote orgasms had I induced?

I opened another volume, a collection entitled *Butt Seriously*. I'd been invited to contribute to the anal-themed anthology. I found my story in the pages...

"It had obsessed Keith for years, the thought of that forbidden passage. With three different serious long-term girlfriends he had pled his case. He had promised to be excruciatingly gentle. He swore he would never brag about the 'conquest' to any friends. If she would only let him try it—just once!

"He had accepted each woman's negative response, but the desire never left him. It wasn't that he expected an asshole to grip his cock so much more perfectly than a typical pussy. But for a woman to take a man up her

EROTICA

ass was to want him in the most intimate way.

"Keith longed to be valued like that, to be trusted so utterly.

"When he started going out with Amelia, who he'd met at a company softball game, he took things slowly. Rushing a physical relationship wasn't his style. He liked this woman, who was athletic and cheerful.

"It was weeks after their first date before they ended up in bed. She was wiry and energetic, and he responded to her every movement. They hit a rhythm usually reserved for lovers of much longer acquaintance. Keith was thrilled. He plowed her streaming pussy with his eager cock. He kneaded her gorgeous tits and plucked the succulent nipples. She raked her fingers across his back.

"After she'd quaked her way through a climax, she grinned and maneuvered herself onto her hands and knees. 'Put that big fuckstick in me!' she commanded. More than happy to, he moved in behind and started to reslot himself into her dripping pussy. At that point Amelia said in a husky tone, 'My ass is waiting for you. Sink that cock in my dark hole!'

"Keith's head whirled. His soul sang. Trembling, he moved to fulfill his deep desire, at long last..."

So often it was the anticipation that counted in an erotic story. Sex was sex. It was carnal mechanics, no matter how wondrously fun. But it required supporting tension, backstory.

Sometimes it was that material I enjoyed writing most. The sexual setup. The sweaty expectations. I yanked another book off my shelf, hands shaking a bit, my hard cock straining in my pants. I read...

"Hana had full control. Power hummed in her naked body—naked but for the tall gleaming boots she wore and the black gloves that held the two leashes. She grinned ferociously down at the two men kneeling on the floor. Both were hugely hard, their cocks bobbing helplessly.

"The two gorgeous muscular men had separately sworn their devotion to her. Harris had thought he had the upper hand with her, that his money, his jet, his sports cars meant he could dictate her life.

"Edwin, on the other hand, had tried to set himself up as her intellectual superior. He had come in to advise her on her aunt's will, and had stayed on to wine and dine her, to pontificate about literature and philosophy.

"Neither had meant her harm, but both had seriously underestimated her. Not only was she more independent and intelligent than either suspected, she was far more perceptive. She had seen into these two worldly men, into their very beings. She understood their most hidden desires, even if they would never admit to them.

"The room was done in black, velvet drapes over the windows. The bed was massive, but these two didn't deserve a bed. Not yet.

"The two men trembled, waiting. They understood enough by now to know she meant to administer some serious punishment. Within reach were a riding crop, a wooden paddle, and a whip. But there were other ways to demonstrate, finally and completely, who was dominant here.

"Hana gave the two leashes a yank, rattling the links and tightening the leather dog collars about the two throats. 'Now,' she said, 'I'm going to watch you two suck each other off.'

"The twin moans of apprehension and desire which rose from the two submissive males sent molten shivers of pleasure through Hana's pussy..."

I stepped back and gazed in wonder at the evidence of my erotic literary output filling the bookshelves.

Obviously, I demonstrated real range in my chosen field. In fact, I'd written just about every type of pornographic story that the law and my own morals would allow. Where was I to go next? What to do with this freedom my editor had granted me?

I left my office, dazed. I was 34. I lived in a nice house and enjoyed a terrific marriage. My sex life was spectacular. I was a success, by any standard. Why should a simple writing assignment—one of hundreds I'd undertaken—throw me for such a loop?

Having wandered upstairs, I went to our bedroom. I meant to do something unprecedented. I was going to ask Yvonne what kind of story she thought I should write. She was knowledgeable of my work, my style. I would leave it in her hands.

Instead, I froze in the doorway. My eyes widened, and my cock surged back into full hardness. Beautiful, healthy, well-toned Yvonne was standing before the bedroom's broad full-length mirror. She was facing away from me and admiring her reflection.

Her legs were clad in dark stockings, and she was fiddling with the garters which attached to a lacy garter belt. Her bare ass was sculpted perfection, as taut as the day we'd met. In the mirror I saw her exposed breasts, firm and high. Her nipples stood stiffly. Her dark hair fell about her shoulders.

She met my goggle-eyed gaze in the mirror.

"NO, HARDER! I'M GONNA FUCKING COME FROM THIS!"

"Finished with work?" she asked.

"Uh...I'm taking a break."

"Good. Why don't you fill me in on what you're up to?" She smiled saucily at her own porno-esque dialogue.

I took a few steps into the room. Yvonne, still looking at me via the big mirror, stopped me with, "Lose the clothes, lover."

I halted and undressed. It wasn't quite as smooth as the characters in my stories. I had to balance like a stork to peel off my socks. But it felt good to free my cock from the confinement of my pants.

I found myself facing both Yvonne's and my own naked reflections. Certainly, I thought her the more attractive of the two of us. I'm not a narcissist, and I liked her parts better. But the strange scene forced me to confront myself. I was in fine physical shape—not a bodybuilder, not even much of an athlete, but I ran a lot and ate right and had a very decent body, I thought.

Yvonne, who was my age, didn't look the least bit ridiculous in that lingerie. She wore it in the best smoky Victorian tradition of clandestine red-hot sexuality. It occurred to me to wonder if she'd had this gear on underneath her clothes when she'd paused at my office earlier. She did that sometimes, waiting until we were driving somewhere or sitting down at a restaurant to tell me about the frilly underthings she was sporting. Then she'd give me a glimpse, hiking up a skirt or pulling down a waistband.

In some ways, my real life wasn't too far removed from the sex-fantasy fiction I wrote.

Still Yvonne didn't turn from the mirror, and by now I didn't want her to. Often enough we'd made love on the room's large comfortable bed, with that mirror reflecting our activities. It was fun, sort of a sideshow, getting occasional glimpses of ourselves in our happy, naked glory.

This, though, was something different. I moved up slowly behind her, footsteps light on the deep white carpet. In the wide mirror I watched the man with the hard-on slip up behind the ravishing woman in the sexy underwear. Man, I envied that guy. Wait. What...?

I decided to go with that disconnect, or to embrace the weird doubling of the moment—whichever it was. Yvonne often made me lose myself in our intimate encounters. Time and place would slip away, leaving me aware of only her body, her spirit, her beautiful self.

Directly behind her now, I inhaled the fragrance of her long shiny dark hair. I saw the rise and fall of her shoulders as her breathing quickened.

I delicately traced my fingertips along her upper arms. Her body shivered. I bent to kiss her shoulder. I looked up into the mirror once more, this time to watch the masculine hands moving around from behind my wife to close on her luscious breasts.

At the same instant I found my hands full of those luxuriant mounds. The mirror woman moaned. So did Yvonne. I squeezed her tits, pulling her back toward me.

She fell against my chest, and my cockhead brushed the silky texture of her ass. The sensation shot an electric jolt through me, awakening my deep reserves of desire. Pleasure and excitement took control of the mechanics of my body. My cock strained with need. Every part of me seemed to be coming to overheated life.

Yvonne pushed her ass back against me. My cock pressed neatly into the accommodating crevasse. She reached behind with both hands and squeezed the ripe halves of her ass tightly around my shaft. It was like when I straddled her chest and she closed her tits around my cock and had me fuck her that way until I blew my load over her face. Like I said, we had a great sex life.

I thrust myself gently between those squeezing ass cheeks, not penetrating her, just sliding along that groove. The pleasure continued to build in me. I worked her breasts. When I caught her nipples between my fingers, she growled, "Tweak my buds, baby! Hard!"

In the mirror that lucky man was pinching the hot woman's stiff pink nipples. Her face was a mask of pleasure. I could see the man's motions behind her as he humped against her butt.

I knew Yvonne's thresholds, how a particular act could stop being fun and become a tad too rough. But when I eased the pressure on her nubs, she gasped, "No, harder! I'm gonna fucking come from this!"

Indeed, her body was wriggling wildly now. I put on the pressure again, pinching her buds between my thumbs and fingertips. Yvonne is a vastly sensual creature, and it doesn't take drastic action to coax her into an orgasm. But I couldn't remember ever getting her off this way

I grinned, bearing down even harder. She cried out, still squeezing her ass cheeks around my cock. A climax wracked her body.

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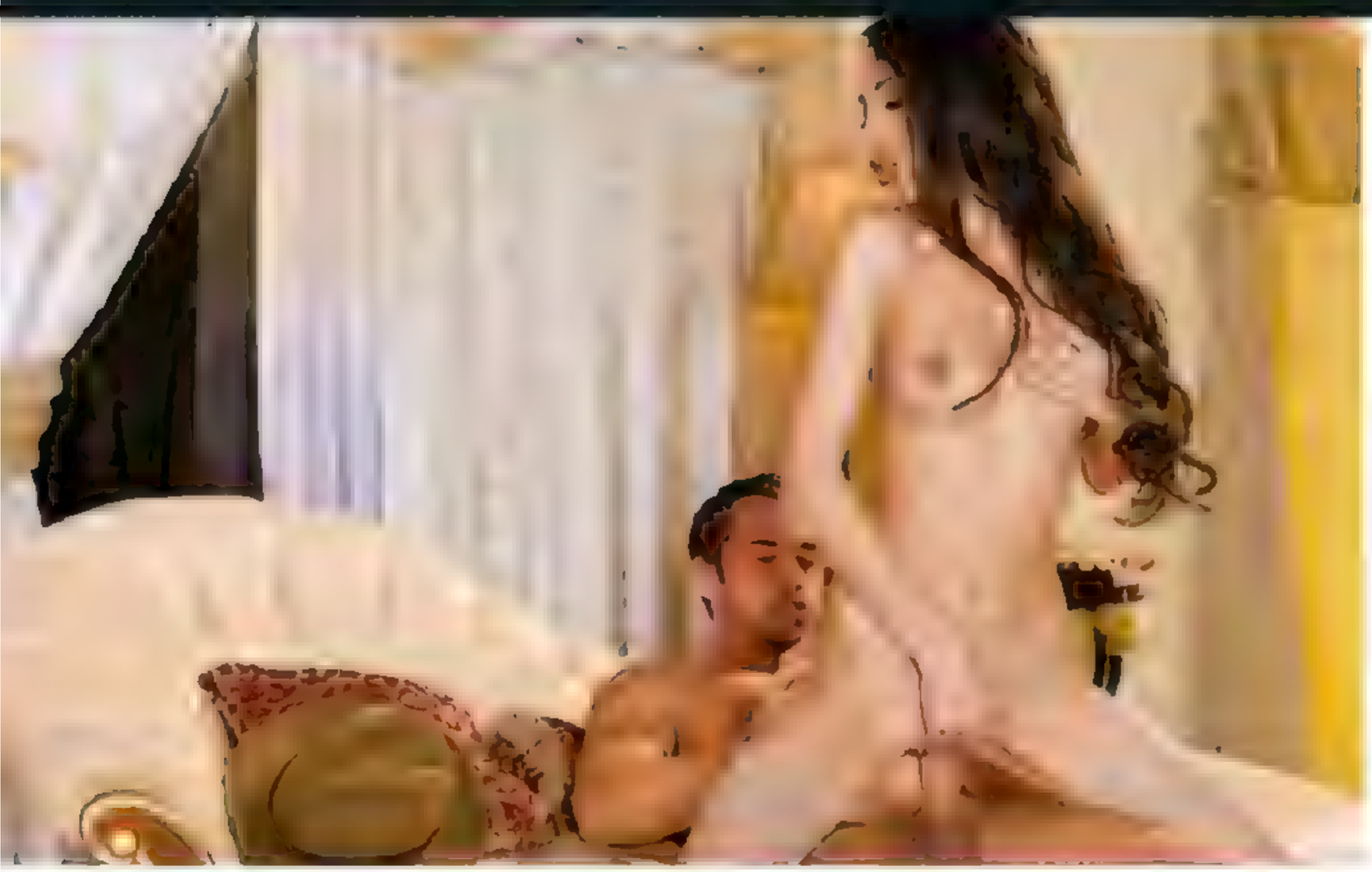

"SHOOT IT IN ME! GIVE ME THAT SWEET FUCKING LOAD!"

I saw it in the mirror as an almost tangible energy, raging its way up her lovely form, wrenching such pleasure from her.

I released her nipples. Her back was damp with perspiration, and I saw a gleam of sweat between her breasts in the wide mirror. I bent again, kissing her earlobe, her throat, her shoulder. She murmured with post-orgasmic delight.

It was natural to continue the kissing in the direction I was going. Everything with Yvonne felt natural and easy. We were two mutually attracted beings who reveled in one another's physicality.

I left a trail of kisses down her back, tasting her sweat. She perceived where I was unmistakably heading and happily bent forward, spreading her stocking-clad legs and planting her palms on the surface of the mirror. She was bent forward entirely from the waist as I reached the small of her back.

The perfume of her pussy filled my nostrils. I savored the scent. I knelt behind her, running my hands up the sheer fabric of the stockings, feeling the tautness of her legs beneath. Her knees shook a bit.

My fingers spread the lush hemispheres of her ass. I dropped kiss after kiss down along the warm valley. When I reached her asshole, I gave it a flick with my tongue. She cried out. I decided to swirl it thoroughly with my tongue, even penetrating inside. I loved every inch of her.

But her pussy awaited. I liked going after her sweet slit from this angle. I trailed my tongue along her dripping cleft. This was her true flavor, stronger than her sweat. The tang of it overwhelmed me, sending hints of ecstasy through me.

I ate her harder, grinding my mouth against her drenched opening and driving my tongue into her. She bucked back against me, taking me deeper inside. I slathered her clit. Her hand thumped against the mirror as she called out, "Yes, Ian! Eat my pussy! Fuck—that's so good!"

I could just see over the sweet swells of her ass, see her face twisting as her second climax hit her. Through her dark cascading hair I watched her eyes roll back into her skull. Her body writhed.

Juice poured into my open mouth. I drank what she gave, knowing this was the essence of the woman I loved. Afterward, I sank back momentarily onto my haunches, dizzy and dazzled. Then I rose.

In the mirror the man's face was glossy. He had an almost crazed look, an expression of pure lust. His cock was still fiercely hard. The beautiful woman remained bent over at her waist. There was, obviously, only one thing for him to do.

I placed my hands on her hips, gripping the taut flesh and feeling the lacy rasp of the garter belt. My cock was so stiff it barely twitched. I bent slightly at the knees, set my swollen cockhead against Yvonne's glistening pussy, and thrust my way inside.

Her familiar grip took me, the sublime grasp of those pussy walls. I had fucked this woman endlessly over the years of our marriage, but it had never grown stale. We didn't need to reinvent the sex act every time, but when we happened upon something new and novel, we didn't shy from it. Like this wild mirror-fuck.

I stroked into her, slamming her to her core with this helpful angle she was providing us. Each penetration felt like its own miracle. The incredible pleasures of the body never failed to amaze me. Humans possessed all this potential for joy and gratification. It was literally built into our physical forms. Whatever force had put the universe together, it had done us a great kindness.

Our fleshy smacks filled the bedroom. My balls spanked Yvonne's clit. I was pounding her now, feeling the final overdrive kick in. My calf muscles stood out. I watched a flush of effort darken my face. My chest gleamed with sweat.

Yvonne was crying out again as a third climax overtook her, "Shoot it in me! Give me that sweet fucking load!"

I was already an eye blink away from coming. With another thrust or two, the critical overload hit. Every circuit in my brain blew, and my cock started jetting deep inside her. Every spurt tore through me, wringing pleasure from my flesh and bones.

After the last listless wrench, we sank onto the fleecy carpet. We lay together, Yvonne in my arms. I softly kissed her from behind. The couple in the mirror had lain down, too, spent and content.

I said, "You know, I came up here to ask if you had any ideas for a story."

She turned slowly. When she met my eyes, she nodded toward the mirror and smiled. "You're kidding, right?"

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LETTERS

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

GRADE-A ASS

A coworker's invitation to play turns into a wild three-way surprise.

I worked the 4:30 a.m. shift in the butcher's shop with a chick named Marissa. She was older than me. A short spitfire of a woman with a pixie cut and an ass that wouldn't quit.

She walked in Monday morning and, as usual, tossed her purse to the side. "How goes it?"

"Meat. Cutting. Too fucking early in the morning," I muttered. "The usual."

She gave me a laugh and a lingering look—different than any other she'd ever cast my way—and then put on her apron. "Same old, same old." Then she went about getting her work done, leaving me baffled by the sudden shift in her attitude toward me.

I'd chalked it up to my imagination by the time I got a break to eat. I settled down with a boring bag lunch and a soda outside on the loading dock. When I heard the door swing open, I turned to see Marissa sauntering out, holding a sub and a soda cup from the place next door.

"Mind if I sit?"

I shook my head and patted the concrete lip of the dock beside me. "Plenty of room."

When she bent to sit, I saw the flex of her thighs beneath her super-tight black skinny jeans. And I caught a brief glimpse of the sweet heart shape of her ass. She settled there next to me, legs swinging, as she unwrapped her sandwich.

"What kind?" I asked, nodding to the sub.

"Roast beef," she said.

I rolled my eyes, and she laughed. "I know, I know. We deal with dead beasts all day. I probably should have gotten a veggie delight or a vegan special, but what can I say?" She ran a hand through her short hair and laughed. "I have an appetite!"

Something about that statement made me perk up, all parts of me, in fact. I suddenly found myself attempting to hide an erection with my stupid brown bag. I assured myself as she attacked her sub that it was my imagination because she was married. Had been married for five years. I knew that because she'd told me all about her husband as we carved steaks and ground beef. There's nothing much to do when you're butchering but talk about shit in your life.

"Good?" I asked, nodding to her sub. Because I had nothing else brilliant to say.

She regarded it. "It's good."

For some reason I asked, "Satisfy that appetite of yours?"

She cocked an eyebrow and smiled. "Not quite." But that's all she said, and though my heart had kicked once in my chest so hard it startled me, I let the topic drop.

We finished our lunches in silence, but I'd occasionally catch her looking at me, giving me a side-eye glance that said she was studying without speaking. For some reason my cock refused to go down, so I simply left the paper bag in my lap and pretended my erection wasn't happening.

"HOPE I'M NOT RUSHING YOU, BUT WE LIKE TO GET RIGHT TO THE FUCKING."

She stood and put her trash in the bin by the bay door. "Gotta go in. You coming?"

Just the word coming made my cock jerk, and I let out a long, slow breath. "In a moment."

Her smile was knowing, and that didn't help matters. I sat there, late returning from my break, but leading the way with my dick didn't seem like a good plan. When I felt presentable, I went back, found my cap, tied my apron on and steeled myself to work with Marissa the rest of our shift.

Everything was fine, normal even, until about an hour before we were due to clock out. "I was wondering," she started, moving close to me as we wrapped meat in cling wrap, "If you'd want to come over tonight. Meet my husband."

I focused on the cling wrap to keep from looking at her. We'd been working together a while but weren't what I'd classify as friends. Why in the hell would she want me to meet her husband? Instead of asking her, I just nodded. I'd roll with it. "Sure."

"Great. We like new people." She bumped me with her shoulder, and I had to focus on breathing. And my cock, well, that had decided to spring to life again. I was grateful for my apron and the waist high steel tables we worked at. "You can follow me home."

Another nod from me. "I can follow you home. Sure."

The next hour took about seven hours to pass.

She came by as I was gathering my stuff. She slipped her small hand into the back pocket of my jeans and stood on tiptoe to whisper in my ear, "Ready?" When her breath hit my neck, goose bumps sprang up along the back of my arms.

"I'm ready." I willed my heart to calm down and followed her out the back entrance to the parking lot. I watched that heart-shaped ass swing the entire way, wanting to reach out and grab it, haul her back and bend her over right there. Instead, I walked to my car, got in, and started it. She gave me a wink as she pulled out, and I followed her to her house in a quiet little neighborhood about eight minutes from work.

The entire time I drove I kept my palm pressed to my hard-on. The pressure was nice, and I was half sure that action was the only thing keeping my dick from ripping a hole in my jeans.

She cut her engine and then her lights as I pulled in behind her car and did the same. I stayed in my car until she sauntered up to the window. It was a warm night so I had the window down. She framed her lean body in the space and touched my forearm. "You coming in or what? We don't bite. Well"—she dropped me a wink—"unless you ask nice."

LETTERS

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

The "we" had me wondering, but as she turned to walk up to her front door and I caught sight of that ass again, I decided I didn't fucking care. I got out and hurried after her.

Her living room was bright yellow with dark wood accents. Oddly, it had a very 70s feel to it that I kind of liked. Her husband was sprawled across the sofa, watching a cooking show on TV. He stood when we entered and gave me a once over. I was doing the same to him. He was only about an inch or two taller than Marissa, built similarly and wiry. The complete antithesis of my bulky, tall body.

He didn't ask my name, just stuck out a hand and said, "Matt."

I shook and said nothing. If he wasn't going to ask my name, I wasn't going to offer it. I was pretty sure we weren't here to be beer-and-football buddies.

I expected some kind of social lubrication, but there wasn't any. She grabbed my hand with her much smaller one and led me toward the steps to the second floor. She tossed a glance over her shoulder at her husband and asked, "Coming?"

He laughed softly, sat on the edge of the sofa, and said, "Maybe soon."

I had no idea where this was going, but somehow the unknown made it that much better. At that moment, I was pretty sure I could have broken concrete with my cock.

Their room was another space circa 1978. Orange and brown furniture, shag carpet, a bed with a big padded headboard.

Marissa took two steps into the room and turned toward me. She whisked off her work tee and the bra beneath. She pushed her jeans down and then her panties. "Sorry, hope I'm not rushing you, but we like to get right to the fucking. I've been telling Matt about you for weeks."

Matt, meanwhile, had wandered in, maybe more eager than he'd wanted to seem. He didn't say a word. It should have been strange, but his silence ramped up my arousal like tossing lighter fluid on a charcoal grill.

I didn't have to deal with niceties with him. I just had to fuck his wife.

She yanked my pants down, dropped to her knees, and got my cock in her mouth. Not just in her mouth. Her throat. She worked me like it was her job, and the pleasure that curled deep in my gut made my mind shut down. I was operating strictly on lizard brain at that moment. I shoved my hands in her short dark hair and gripped it hard. She wasn't shy, clearly, so I knew she'd speak up if I was being too rough.

I fucked her mouth like I owned it, and all the while her husband stood there, mute, arms crossed, watching. But his cock was tenting his shorts, so it was clear that Matt-the-Silent was enjoying the show.

Her wet sucking sounds and the sight of her gobbling my cock had me gritting my

teeth. I didn't want to come, not for a while, and I let her bring me right to the brink before taking a step back and pulling free of her plump wet lips.

"Now what?" I asked, my voice a rasp. I was having trouble processing words and thoughts.

She got on the bed on her hands and knees while Matt stood there, still watching. At some point, while I was focused on his wife, he'd undressed. He had his cock in his hand. I noticed his chest was hairless, as well as his

"I PLUNGED INTO HER PUSSY AND FOUND HER DRENCHED."

legs and his crotch. He winked at me and said, "Now you fuck her from behind. Pull her hair. She likes that shit."

I undressed fully, climbed up behind Marissa and grabbed her hips. She was small but shapely, and a groan tore out of me at seeing my big hands on her petite body. I plunged into her pussy and found her drenched. Her body opened, allowed me in, and then clamped down on me like a small, wet fist. I hung my head and willed myself not to come instantly. I slid in and out of her, fingers biting into her flesh.

I finally remembered to reach up with a hand and tug her short hair until she moaned and her cunt rippled around my driving cock.

Then Matt surprised me by going around to the front and sliding his cock into Marissa's willing mouth. His fingers twined in her hair, and he grinned at me across the span of his wife's body.

"All the holes are tight on Mar," he said. Then he chuckled. He fucked her mouth as roughly as I fucked her cunt. She was a human push-and-pull toy between us and seemed made to be used this way. Marissa was all moans and groans and sighs. She slammed her body back to take my dick, her mouth making wet, slippery noises on her husband's cock.

"Soon you can have an ass," Matt said, with a lewd smile on his face.

My brain shut down, and my cock felt like it might explode. I shoved into her deeper and then pressed my thumb into her ass, thinking of what Matt had just said. Soon you can have an ass…

My boring day cutting meat had turned into a fuckfest in a retro bedroom on an innocent-looking suburban street; the thought stole my breath away.

Marissa's reaction to my thumb in her ass was an aroused whimper. Her pussy grew wetter around my cock, which I hadn't thought impossible. I pulled my thumb free, and she groaned in desperation. Not wanting to disappoint, I did one better. I wet my fingers with her overflowing juices and plunged two into her back hole.

Marissa was a wild thing between us, eating up her husband's cock and clenching her internal muscles around my pumping dick and fingers. The sensation made me clench my jaw tight. All I could think about was ass-fucking. All I could focus on was what it'd be like to slide into a tight, willing back hole and pound it relentlessly until I saw stars.

Matt pulled free of her mouth, and she scooted forward to disengage from me. I stayed still, on my knees, with my cock standing out straight.

Matt nodded to my cock and cocked an eyebrow. "May I?"

At that point, what the fuck did I care? If he wanted to suck my dick, more power to him. I simply nodded in return. Marissa lay on her back, and he straddled her face. She popped both forearms beneath her head and angled herself so she could get his cock in her mouth again. Matt, the man who looked an awful lot like his minx of a wife, leaned forward and took my dick into his mouth. I blinked, letting the sensations rush over me. I heard the wet ministrations of her mouth working his length and the equally slick sounds of him sucking his wife's pussy juice off my cock.

LETTERS

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

I grabbed his head in my hands. I was rougher than I had been with her, fucking his mouth fast and deep. I bucked my hips and filled his throat and watched him take it. His cheeks hollowed out, his lips almost the same color pink as Marissa's. They could be brother and sister. They weren't, but the random thought caused my cock to jerk within the slippery hollow of his mouth.

Just before I thought I was going to shoot my load straight down his throat, he pulled away and sat up.

"Now for the magic," Matt said, his lips shiny with spit. He'd barely spoken but for instructions and tips on fucking, but that was fine by me. Like I said, we weren't here to be friends.

He raised his hands in the air and I froze, but then he simply clapped them and the lights went out. I couldn't help it. I laughed, remembering commercials from my childhood about the amazing device that could control your lights without you having to get up.

There was a rustling movement, and the tableau was rearranged. I felt bodies brushing mine. A mouth on my cock. A hand trailing down my ass. A finger stroked my chest and my leg. Someone brushed a thumb across my cheek. I didn't care. I was lost in the darkness. It didn't matter who was touching me or where. The only focus was my throbbing cock, and the fact that I now wanted to come very, very badly. I didn't care who it was with, who it was in, or who it was on. I just wanted to get off.

A body settled in front of mine, and I put my hands out. I could feel hairless, smooth ass cheeks, but that didn't mean a damn thing. I felt around for the asshole and pushed a finger inside. A sigh, but again, I was unable to tell the sex of the recipient. Quite frankly, it didn't matter. I pushed a second finger inside the tight, moist sheath and thrust. Again, a mouth on my cock, sucking and licking, drawing on me so hard that I saw small stars fire off in my vision like lightning bugs.

I grabbed the hips in front of me and pushed my cockhead against the tight star of an anus. I levered forward and the body pushed back. I slid my spit-slick dick in slowly and couldn't help but wonder who exactly I was fucking. Marissa or her husband? And I found the answer was truly irrelevant. I wanted to come until I saw more stars in the darkness.

I pushed against a lower back and started to thrust, over and over again, driving my cock into that eager receptacle. I heard a groan that was a man's, but the sound was followed swiftly by a feminine sigh. I kept going, not caring about anything but what I was feeling.

Fingers traced down my back and ran between my legs to cup and squeeze my balls. The hand was small and soft, so I was pretty sure I was fucking Matt.

When he grunted and hissed, "Jesus," it was confirmed. Arousal spiked through me. I'd never fucked a guy and had never harbored any intention to, but I found that secret sex, regardless of the kind, in a dark room with bodies pressed together was at the top of my list of arousing experiences.

A finger pushed into my asshole and I jerked, but only slightly. The penetration forced me into a higher rhythm, driving my body to fuck like it was my sole purpose.

The asshole around me clenched, and I moaned. The finger in my ass slid in and out, and I groaned, the sound desperate and helpless. I was on the verge of shooting my load, and there was no way around it. It was going to be over in a blink, and I couldn't do a damn thing other than ride it out. Which I did. Fucking the darkness-masked Matt with all my might.

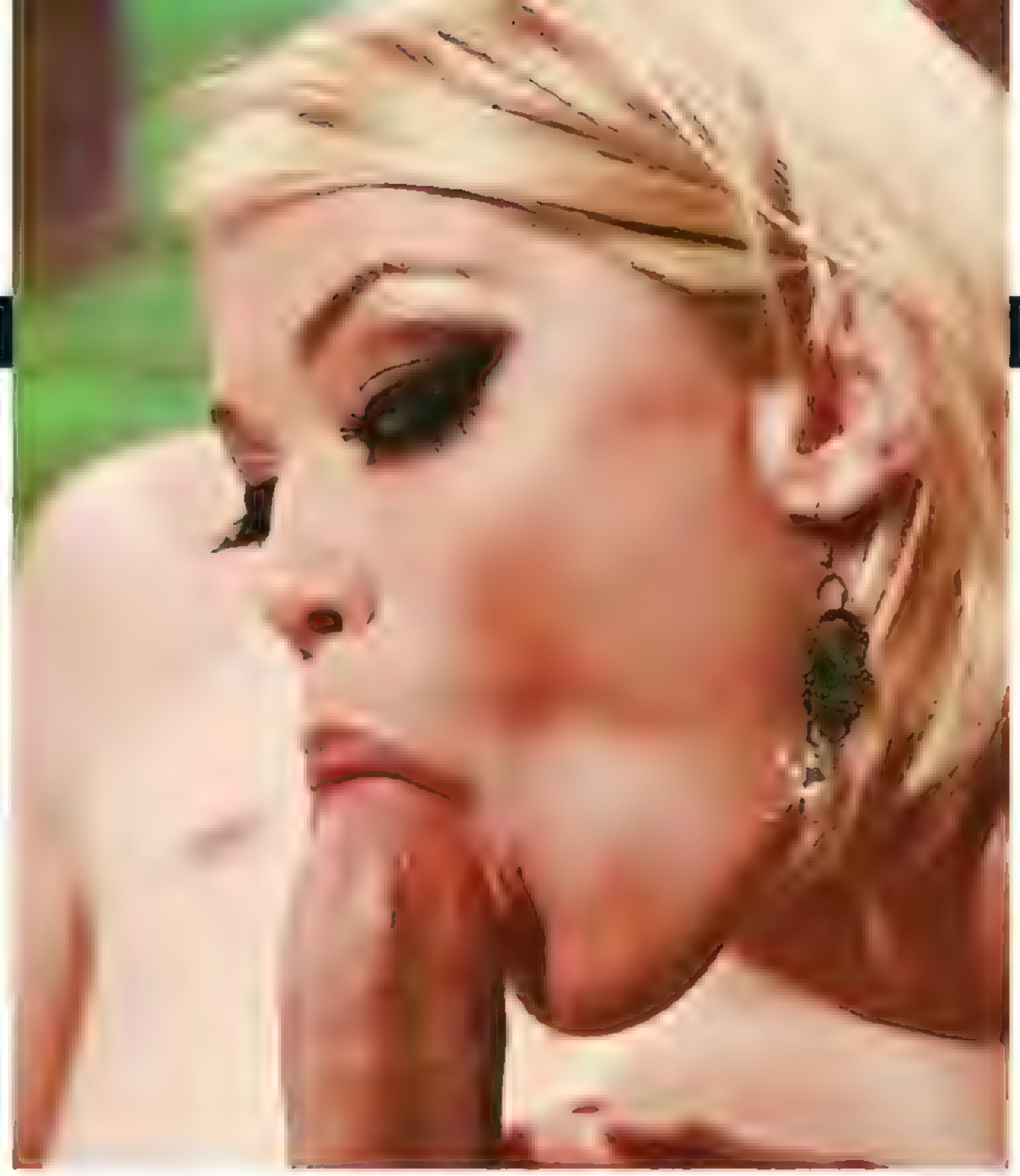
My hips ached, my back burned, but I kept going. And finally, Marissa bit the back of my neck, and that sharp stab of pain pushed me right over the edge. I was free-falling. I came with a bellow that I'd never experienced before.

Someone clapped and the lights came on. Matt was flushed and smiling; Marissa's eyes were glazed with arousal.

"Lay down," she said.

I dropped like a stone, too spent to argue or question. She settled her pussy over my face and lowered herself so I could lick. And lick her I did, fueled by lust and excitement and newness. I licked her clit and sucked it, swirling at her with my tongue, teasing her with my lips.

Matt stuck his cock in her mouth, and she sucked. I laid there vaguely watching as I ate her pussy, occasionally thrusting a couple fingers into her cunt until she started to squirm like she was getting close to coming. Her body writhed over me, and I could smell how turned on she was. She tasted like coffee and oranges and spice.



"SHE PULLED ME FREE AND WRAPPED HER PRETTY LIPS AROUND MY SHAFT."

When she rocked herself over me to quicken my tongue on her clit, I sucked harder and she came, bucking against my face. Her sounds set Matt off. It was an evident chain reaction. He drove deep into her mouth, from what I could see at my odd angle. He came with a loud cry that shocked my ears.

"Wow," Marissa said, running a finger down my chest as she now lay next to me. "That was…just, wow."

Matt didn't say a word. He got up, pulled on his shorts and disappeared.

"I was right about you," she said. Her fingers circled my soft dick for a moment and stroked. I shut my eyes, willing it back to life, but it'd had enough for the moment.

"Well…thanks for thinking of me, I guess," I said, laughing.

"I've been thinking about that for months. Matt likes to have a little fun from time to time. I told him I had a Grade-A candidate the next time he got in the mood."

I nodded with a smile, and then sat up. "I should go. Leave you two alone."

She agreed and stood when I did. We got dressed. As she pulled on those black skinny jeans, I was sad to see that heart-shaped ass disappear.

She walked me out. When we passed Matt, he tossed me a halfhearted wave, eyes focused on the TV, and said, "See ya, man."

What an odd guy, I thought, but I didn't say anything to her.

She kissed my cheek at the car and said, "See you tomorrow morning."

I drove home feeling drunk, despite being stone-cold sober.

The next morning I stumbled into work, bleary eyed, with a to-go coffee cup in hand. I found my cap and my apron and put them on. I was the first one there every morning to get all the stuff set up. The back door opened, taking me by surprise and startling me. Marissa locked it behind her after she entered; a glance at the clock told me she was earlier than usual.

"Hey, there, Romeo," Marissa said. She didn't put her apron or her hat on just yet. She sauntered up to me and leaned against the stainless steel table. "So, Matt and I were wondering if you'd want to come over again next week."

I thought about it for a second and shrugged. "Sure."

"Thanks. I'm glad you liked it enough to come back." As she spoke she sank down out of sight. I was tired and confused until she nestled herself in the space between me and the table and unzipped my jeans. Her hand worked its way into my boxer briefs and found my cock. She pulled me free and wrapped her pretty lips around my shaft. She sucked me deep, slipping her fingers into my pants to stroke my balls.

Her mouth glided up and down my cock, her lips kissed my tip, and then her mouth opened again to engulf me once more. I sighed, putting one hand atop her head, the other on the table. I levered myself forward over and over again, gliding across her velvet tongue and into the hot hollow of her throat. I again fucked her mouth like I owned it, and the action seemed to turn her on. She sighed and moaned, and I thought the noises alone were going to make me come.

I'd been staring at her ass for a year, and now had been in her mouth twice in less than 24 hours. And what a fucking mouth it was.

She sucked me hard, drawing on me, and my fingers tightened in her hair. She licked a hot line up the back of my shaft and tickled my cockhead with her rigid tongue. Then her whole mouth took me in again, hot and slick. I grunted, rocking into her, and then lost it. Fatigue shortened my trigger, but the orgasm was no less spectacular for the short duration. I came, biting my lip so hard I drew blood as I tried not to yell out in the small shop.

She stood and dusted off the knees of her jeans before wiping her mouth on her sleeve. Then she put on her apron and her hat as I put myself back together again. There was nothing I could do about the fact that my legs felt empty of actual bones.

"Good way to start the morning, lover boy?" she asked as she washed her hands.

"I can't think of a better way." And that was the honest to God truth.

It looks like I'll get the chance to top what I'd thought was my most unforgettable lay—and I can't wait.

—C.S., Omaha, Nebraska

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SWINGING & SWAPPING

FRIENDS & LOVERS

"Do you guys ever swing?" the message read.

I'd just logged into one of my social media accounts when I saw a notification for the service's private message folder. It was from a "friend" I frequently chatted with online. We'd met through a jokey hashtag about a year earlier, and we'd been commenting on each other's posts and getting to know each other through our online avatars ever since.

A few days earlier, I'd posted a photo from a vacation my husband and I were on in the Bahamas. Chad was wearing only his low-slung swim trunks, showing off his sculpted chest and abs, as well as his strong arms and broad shoulders. Christine had commented on the photo, saying he was "hot, hot, hot!" and that she'd love to "get a piece of that." I'd laughed and responded by posting one of those winking emoticons as my reply. And now, here she was, making her move.

Though Christine and I had privately discussed some of our sexual preferences and our taste in things like porn movies and erotic novels, the discussion had always been friendly, not flirtatious. But as I read her message for the third time, I started to think more seriously about the idea of sharing my husband with her.

Christine was certainly attractive, and when I'd shown Chad a photo of her that she'd posted, he'd agreed, saying she was probably one of my hottest friends. And the more I thought about it, the more I began to realize that maybe I'd actually been flirting with her all along. We'd certainly started discussing sex and our habits and preferences much sooner than I had with other friends, and we'd shared far more detail than I did with most people, including my oldest girlfriends. Hmm…

I wrote back to tell her that we didn't normally swing or swap, but I was curious about what made her ask. She responded that she and her husband were going to be in my city in a few weeks for a business conference, and she'd wanted to meet in real life. When she'd suggested it to her husband, he'd asked if we were into swinging or swapping, because he thought Chad and I were an attractive couple. She said she was nervous to ask, but that she was attracted to us both as well, and she figured if there was ever a chance, she had to take it.

That night, I talked the idea over with Chad, and after showing him the photos that Christine had sent me of her and her husband, we made hot, passionate love. He was definitely into the idea of inviting Christine and Jack into our bedroom, and he showed me just how excited several times that night.

After that, Christine and I spent many hours on our phones hashing out all the details of our meeting via text and private message and sending each other illicit photos of ourselves and our husbands. There was lots of fun teasing and taunting while we excitedly waited for our liaison.

As soon as I saw Christine in person at our place, I knew I'd made the right decision. I was incredibly attracted to her, and I couldn't take my eyes off her. Though she was about ten years older than me, she looked hotter than any of the girls Chad and I had scoped out at bars and clubs together. Her long brown hair was positively lustrous, her skin glowed, and her body was curvy in all the right places. She had great perky breasts, and I could tell through her top that she wasn't wearing a bra to keep them up. She had a slim waist and nice wide hips, and when I hugged her hello, I slid my hands down to feel her tight, round ass. My God, her body was perfect!

Her husband, Jack, was pretty good-looking, too. He was shorter than Chad, and slim where Chad is broad, but his blond hair and deep blue eyes pulled me in. I loved how surfer-casual he looked, contrasting with my husband's military rigidity.

Although Christine and I were anxious to get down to business, I knew we couldn't dive right in. We still needed to break the ice a bit, so the four of us went out onto the back patio where the men debated over the proper grilling of our steaks, and Christine and I lounged around with a pitcher of sangria and let the men serve us. While the guys got acquainted and got comfortable with each other, we flirted and gossiped, and by the time

dinner was ready, the four of us were getting along like old friends.

The four of us joked and fooled around while we ate. I found myself leaning over numerous times to kiss Christine and Chad—who were seated on either side of me—while Jack and I played footsie under the table. Any last reservations I'd had about playing with our new friends disappeared, and when the dinner dishes were cleared away, we were all ready to move on to dessert—in the bedroom.

We stood up together, and I took Christine's hand to guide her into the house and down the hall to the master bedroom, while the men followed us. Once we got into the bedroom, I asked Jack to help me undress and suggested that my husband help Christine disrobe.

As Jack started to slowly unbutton my blouse, I leaned forward to kiss him. His lips were soft and moved slowly against mine, and when his tongue pushed against my lips, seeking entrance into my mouth, I happily opened up to accept him and tangle my tongue with his. As our lip-lock continued, our hands roamed over each other's body as we worked our fingers on buttons and zippers, trying to undress each other without having to break apart. We both wanted to get closer as quickly as possible.

When Jack and I finally managed to pull our mouths apart and catch our breath, I glanced over to see what Chad and Christine were doing. My new girlfriend was on her knees in front of my husband, and she had his cock between her lips as she bobbed her head back and forth. I could tell just by looking that she was giving him an exceptional blowjob, but when I heard my husband moan loudly, I had my confirmation.

Jack looked over and smiled when he saw his wife in action. "She's very good at that," he said proudly before he returned his attention to undressing me.

He continued stripping me out of my clothes while I watched Chad and Christine move onto the bed to start fucking, and as I watched my husband slide his cock into Christine's smooth-shaven pussy, I felt Jack's tongue lap against mine. My head rolled back and my eyes closed as his tongue brushed against my slit, and as he lapped more, I felt my knees start to go weak. I love good head as much as my husband, and what Jack was doing was definitely more than merely "good."

"SHE HAD HIS COCK BETWEEN HER LIPS AS SHE BOBBED HER HEAD BACK AND FORTH."

Soon I was gripping Jack's hair in one hand and digging my fingers into his shoulder with the other as he licked me to an intense orgasm. I couldn't remember anyone getting me off as well as Jack had—other than my husband, of course. But Jack was a pro, and when I came, I came incredibly hard.

Afterward, we moved onto the bed, next to Christine and Chad. Christine was lying back while my husband went down on her, and I had Jack lie next to his wife so I could climb on top of him and ride him cowgirl-style. When Chad saw me mounting Jack, he stilled for a moment and grabbed my hand, and when I turned to look at him, he leaned in to kiss me. When Jack and Christine saw our kiss, they shared a quick lip-lock of their own, and the four of us smiled before we resumed our action.

I slid Jack's rock-hard cock between my legs and then slowly lowered myself onto his length. His cock was shorter than my husband's but thicker, and his erection filled me nicely, forcing my walls to stretch around him. Once I'd acclimated to his girth, I leaned forward to rest my hands on his shoulders and started thrusting up and down on top of him.

The sound of my ass lightly slapping against his thighs could barely be heard over the sound of Chad and Christine's frantic fucking and their loud moans. But their sex was the perfect soundtrack for me and Jack. I was getting more and more turned on as I listened to them, and I started picking up my pace to match my husband's. I could tell Jack was as into this experience as I was, and when he grabbed my hips and started jamming me down onto him even harder, I knew we'd hit our peak. It wouldn't be long before one—or both—of us came.

Chad and Christine climaxed while Jack and I were kissing. My husband reached out to grab my hand as he shot his load. Jack and I broke our connection for a moment to watch our partners reach their peak together, and

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then we got right back to our own thing.

I started rocking harder and harder against Jack, sliding along his cock as fast and hard as I could, and he continued to hold my hips and pull me against him, adding some power to my thrusts. We kept at it, with Chad stroking my back, until Jack came. I felt him shoot, continuing to pump his spurting rod into me until I finally climaxed, too.

The sensations were intense, and I cried out loudly as I felt my orgasm rip through me. Then I collapsed like a rag doll on top of Jack, his hand still trailing up and down my sweaty back.

Much, much later that night, Christine and Jack went back to their hotel—we weren't ready for a full sleepover just yet—and Chad and I cuddled together in bed and fell asleep. We were incredibly happy and sated—and dreamt about our turn to visit Christine and Jack at their place in a few weeks.

–G.G., Nashville, Tennessee

DATE NIGHT

Every three months or so, Matt and I spend a weekend at a fancy hotel out of town and go on the prowl for new partners. We always book separate rooms so we can enjoy some privacy, but we make sure they're adjoining, just in case we want to double our fun.

Last weekend was our latest night out, and it was one of our best.

On Friday, Matt and I played hooky from work and went to Boston for the weekend. It's far enough away from where we live that it's like a vacation, and we're guaranteed not to run into anyone we know. But it's also close enough that we can squeeze in plenty of fun with only one extra day off.

We checked into our hotel on Friday, as early as we could, and headed up to our rooms. We relaxed on our own, each of us enjoying some "me time," but we met up a few hours later for a room service dinner in Matt's suite. We shared a bottle of champagne with our meal and discussed our plans for the night.

As we talked about the bars we planned to hit and the kinds of dates we were hoping to score, we both got turned on. In the days leading up to our nights out, the sexual tension always amps up, and we both get so frisky that we can't keep our hands off each other, and this time was no different. We'd had wild sex every night that week, and we'd fucked in the shower that morning before packing the car and driving to Boston, but we still weren't satisfied. And we likely wouldn't be until we got home Sunday night, when we'd finally fucked ourselves into oblivion.

But that moment hadn't come yet, and Matt and I were still in need of some extra release. We'd been eating in bed, and when the mood finally struck and we couldn't wait any longer, we swept the plates away, letting them and our silverware clatter to the floor while we jumped each other.

We fucked hard and fast, not even stopping to take off all of our clothes. It didn't matter that I still had my shirt and bra on and his pants were only unzipped and pushed down enough for us to be able to screw.

Afterward, satisfied for at least the moment, I went back to my room to get ready while Matt called housekeeping to ask them to come clean up our mess while we were out. It would be pricey, but it was worth the cost to be able to do whatever we wanted when the mood hit.

I showered and dressed and did my makeup in my room, while Matt got ready in his, and we met out in the hallway an hour later, ready to hit the town. Sometimes we like to go to the same bars, and sometimes we split up. Boston has enough great places that we thought we could split up. I wanted to go somewhere upscale and chic, while Matt was looking for an old-school Irish pub to find a nice (or should I say naughty) local girl.

We had the elevator to ourselves, and we got in one last passionate kiss before wishing each other luck and heading out to our chosen hunting grounds.

There was a lounge right across from the hotel that I'd read was a hotspot for local singles and out-of-towners, and I decided that would be my first—and hopefully only—stop that night.

The place was crowded, but not packed, and I had some time to scope out the prospects on my way to the bar. There were a lot of attractive men there that night, and even a few women who caught my eye, but I thought I'd get a cocktail before making my decision on who I wanted to pursue.

As I placed my order, however, the decision was made for me. The bartender had just slid over my glass and I was about to hand him my credit card when Nick swooped in and told the bartender to put it on his tab. When I looked

over to see who was picking up my drink for me, I saw the single most dashing man I could imagine. I hadn't spotted him when I'd walked through the bar, but he'd clearly caught sight of me, and boy, was I glad.

I thanked Nick for the drink, and we introduced ourselves before he led me back to a private little nook where he had a table. Clearly, he was out looking for action just like I was, and I was happy to meet a man who knew how to play the game—especially when that man was so damn sexy.

We chatted and drank for a couple hours as we got to know each other, and we flirted shamelessly, too. Like I said, we both knew what we wanted out of our night, and we definitely weren't afraid to go after it.

When he asked if he could kiss me, I told him if he didn't I'd be very disappointed. And then, he did it. He kissed me. And all that flirting, all the sexual tension that had been building between us while we'd sat there sharing cocktails, culminated in a hot, steamy kiss that held a promise of even more pleasure. I'd found exactly who I was looking for!

We kissed a little more, sitting there at his table, but not long. After a few minutes, I suggested we close out Nick's tab and go somewhere "a little more private." And of course, as expected, he thought my idea was brilliant.

I practically dragged him across the street to the hotel, and we barely made it into the elevator before we were on each other again, kissing passionately.

When we reached my room, Nick took the key card from my hand and opened the door for me, then pushed me inside before kissing me again and kicking the door shut behind us. Inside, we could hear noises coming from the room next door, and Nick commented that the couple in that room must be having a very good night based on the sounds we were hearing. Only I knew, though, that my husband was next door with a new friend, and hearing him clearly enjoying himself got me all hot and bothered.

I practically mauled Nick as I pushed him down onto the bed and then climbed on top of him to continue our makeout session in a more comfortable position. We continued to kiss, exploring each other's body with wandering hands. Nick was ripped; he clearly spent plenty of time in the gym, but not so much that he was overly muscular like some fitness magazine beefcake. He had just the right amount of lean muscle and soft skin, and not quite six-pack abs; his stomach was rippled enough to be sexy and not intimidating.

He seemed to like what he was feeling, too, and he kept caressing my hips and ass. He was definitely an ass man. And I knew exactly what we'd be doing once we finally got naked.

We started to undress each other, hands ripping at clothes, and I'm pretty sure a few buttons popped right off in our eagerness to get down to bare skin. But it didn't matter. The noises from next-door were getting louder, and the added sound effects were definitely causing our arousal to soar. I felt like I couldn't get Nick stripped fast enough.

He was as hot naked as I'd imagined he'd be, and I spent a few seconds just enjoying the sight of his toned physique. And that sight turned me on. I knew from the hard-on that stood tall that he felt the same way about me.

I told him to snag a condom from the box on the nightstand, and while he suited up, I crawled to the center of the mattress and got on my hands and knees, my ass up in the air for him. He seemed like he would like doing it doggy-style, and I wasn't willing to waste any more time before feeling him inside me.

"I GOT ON MY HANDS AND KNEES, MY ASS UP IN THE AIR FOR HIM."

As soon as he'd sheathed his cock, he jumped onto the bed and got behind me, pressing his dick into my pussy from the behind. I leaned down onto the bed, my face and breasts flattened against the mattress while my ass went higher in the air. The position caused Nick to enter me at the perfect angle, hitting my G-spot and giving him

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plenty of space to reach down and rub my clit.

He did exactly what I wanted without my having to direct him, and between his cock and his finger, I knew it wouldn't be long before I reached orgasm.

Nick slammed into me, his hips slapping loudly against mine, but I could still faintly make out the sound of my husband and his friend next door. I liked how I knew we were both getting exactly what we'd been craving right at that moment. I loved it, in fact!

As Nick's finger circled my clit and his cock hit against the front wall of my pussy, I started thrusting back against him, increasing the pleasurable sensations tenfold. I was having trouble breathing. I was so overwhelmed with excitement, and I was panting heavily, but when Nick asked if I needed to slow down, I yelled at him to keep going. "I need you to fuck me—hard!" I cried.

I reached back between my legs and pressed my hand over his, forcing him to put even more pressure on my clit. I guided him to stroke me exactly how I needed. After that, it was only another minute, two at most, before I felt my spine stiffen as I reached orgasm. My pussy gushed, my nipples ached, and for a moment I didn't even breathe, and then the pleasure waned and I started to come down from my orgasmic high.

But Nick wasn't done yet. He kept pumping into me until he, too, climaxed a minute later. He must've come hard, because I felt his semen rocket out of him even through the condom. Then, I was done. I thanked Nick for the lovely night, let him wash up and get dressed, then walked him to the door.

A few minutes after Nick left, my husband knocked on the door between our rooms. Since it wasn't locked, I told him to come in. He was glistening with sweat from his "date," and I know I was drenched and sticky myself, but it didn't matter. He climbed into bed, wrapped his arms around me, and we fell asleep together.

Over breakfast the next morning, we discussed our night, enjoyed a little married sex, and then returned to our normal lives. But in a few months, we'll be back at it again, and I can only hope our next date night goes just as well.

–T.W., Bangor, Maine

NONSTOP ORGY

My wife and I have been in the life for several years now. Emilia and I got into swinging when we both thought our sex life could use a spark. I used to get annoyed when she would comment on how good-looking a guy was, but now I enjoy watching her get plowed by a handsome stud. We belong to a club here in town that meets at private homes, and we have made many good friends over the years.

Our best friends were Peter and his wife, Lena. However, they moved away some years ago, and a few months ago we heard they got divorced. Lena was a regal woman, with long straight black hair, and I loved the way it draped across my stomach while she sucked my cock. Emilia loved Peter's dick, which she called a "fireplug," for the way it fit into her ass.

So we were surprised and pleased when Peter called to say he was going to be visiting town with his new girlfriend. I told him he was welcome to stay with us, but he didn't mention anything about his new flame being a swinger or not, and I didn't feel it was right to ask. If she wasn't, that would be fine, as we enjoyed his company whether sex was involved or not.

We picked up Peter and his girlfriend, Sophia, at the airport; Emilia and I were both stunned. She must have been half his age and was a stunning redhead. Emilia knows I have a weakness for gingers, so she gave me an elbow in the ribs when we saw her. I'll admit my cock stirred a little as we were introduced. Sophia was very friendly, and her blue eyes danced merrily.

The four of us engaged in the usual small talk. Peter got us caught up on what he was doing, and we shared the same. We put them up in our guest room, and since it was a nice night I said I'd barbecue on the back deck, where we have a Jacuzzi. Emilia made drinks, and we all enjoyed the evening air.

We still had no hint as to whether Sophia was a swinger or not, and there had been no mention of Lena. But the steaks and the wine were good, so I was fine with going to bed and fucking my wife while we fantasized about what I would do to Sophia and what Emilia would do to Peter, given the chance.

That was when Peter asked if we could get the Jacuzzi going. "Sure," I said, perhaps a little

"HE HAD SPURTED SO MUCH SEMEN THAT SOME OF IT DRIBBLED DOWN HER CHIN."

too hastily. Emilia jumped up and said she was going to put on her bathing suit. But Sophia got out of her seat, stretching like a cat, and said, "Do we need suits? From what Peter tells me I was hoping we'd skinny-dip."

It was as if the starting gun had gone off at a race. We all stripped down and slipped into the hot, bubbly water. Sophia was tall and lithe, and I was overjoyed that her carpet matched her drapes. Her bush was fiery red, and her breasts were small but firm, with nipples as hard as erasers. Emilia was reacquainting herself with Peter, his cock standing at attention, her fingers playing with his plum-shaped balls.

"He remembers me," she said, before taking a firm grip of his cock and stroking it.

I was watching, fascinated, when I realized that a hand was cupping my sac. I turned to Sophia, who was looking into my eyes with pure lust. I took that as an invitation and began massaging one of her breasts, which made her moan slightly.

Peter was now standing, and Emilia took his erection into her mouth. He grabbed a fistful of hair and began pumping, as he was well aware that she likes it a little rough. I tore myself away from the scene, though, when Sophia sat on the edge of the tub, her legs spread and her pussy glistening. I began kissing her slick thighs and made a circuitous route to her vulva, which I licked with relish. My brand-new friend leaned back on her elbows and purred while I ate her out.

I heard an exclamation and looked up to see Peter coming into my wife's mouth. She caught most of his load, but he had spurted so much semen that some of it dribbled down her chin. Sophia excused herself and slid across the tub to lick the remainder off Emilia's face. My cock was as hard as an ax handle.

We decided to head inside. Our rec room is set up for these kinds of events, with sectional sofas and lots of pillows. Peter and Emilia headed into the shower while Sophia and I fell to the floor. She immediately inhaled my throbbing cock and proved to be an excellent cocksucker. She really knew how to swirl her tongue around the head, and also played with my sac, fingering the balls. When I was ready to come, she toyed with my asshole and I came in buckets. She greedily swallowed my load. Where did Peter find this girl?

Sophia and I went into our bathroom, where we have a nice big shower, with two shower heads and room for four. Emilia was leaning face-first against the wall, with Peter fucking her from behind. I looked closer and sure enough, he was in her ass. Emilia's hand was tucked down between her legs, fingering herself as she got her ass reamed. Sophia and I soaped each other up while watching Peter pound my wife until he filled her ass with cream.

Afterward, clean as whistles, we all went back to the party room and talked. Peter told us that he had met Sophia at a swinging convention. She had just come out of a relationship, and it was lust at first sight. He had told her about Emilia and me, and she'd been eager to fuck us. Sophia looked over at Emilia and asked, "Are you bi?"

Emilia has occasionally played with women, but it's not her thing, so I was surprised to hear her reply, "Sometimes." She then spread her legs, and Sophia slithered between them; Peter and I enjoyed the sensual sight of some feverish cunnilingus.

Sophia licked and slurped on Emilia's cunt as if it was her last meal, and my wife just leaned back and moaned. I crawled next to her and began sucking one breast, and Peter quickly latched on to the other. Emilia was now in sensory overload, and when she came she bucked wildly. Sophia leaned back, wiping her mouth; my wife's juices were smeared all over her face.

"You haven't fucked me yet," Sophia told me. I was hard again, so it would not be a problem that was difficult to remedy.

"How do you want it?" I asked, and she responded wordlessly by leaning back, her legs tucked up by her shoulders. I got on top of her and slipped in easily, as her pussy was

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"I JAMMED MY COCK IN HER TIGHT LITTLE CUNT AND BEGAN TO FUCK HER HARD."

gushing wet. Peter and Emilia decided that she should get the full treatment, too. Emilia sucked on her toes while Peter squatted above her mouth so that his balls hung in her face. She sucked on them while I filled her with my cock.

Sophia had a very loud orgasm, and we all shifted positions. She pushed me back and rode me cowgirl style, while Peter once again took Emilia by behind. I wasn't sure if he was in her ass or not until I heard her say, "Oh yes, fuck my ass!"

"I'm going to come!" Peter shouted, and then did precisely that. He pulled out, and I watched his bubbly jism leak out of my wife's asshole. I was so turned on by this image that I wanted to come inside Sophia; I told her I wanted to take her doggy-style.

She grinned and positioned herself on all fours. Her pale ass was presented to me, and I gave it a slap, leaving a red handprint on her. She gave out a little "ooh!" and asked me to do it again, so I repeated the act on the other cheek. Then I jammed my cock in her tight little cunt and began to fuck her hard.

Peter and Emilia were cuddling in their post-orgasmic glow as Sophia and I fucked like animals. She was biting on a pillow when she reached her peak, and my climax followed shortly thereafter. I pumped what seemed like a gallon of come inside her, and then we both collapsed. I watched, amazed, as Emilia got down on the floor with Sophia, moved her mouth to the redhead's pussy, and began to drink. This was the first time Emilia had ever gone down on a woman, and she really dug it, especially since she has repeatedly told me she loves the taste of my cream.

We were exhausted and went off to bed. I joined Sophia in the guest room while Emilia and Peter went off hand in hand to the master bedroom. I'm not sure what they were up to other than sleep, but Sophia wasn't quite ready for bed. She produced a vibrator out of her travel bag, propped up some pillows, and lay back with her legs spread. I got comfy so I could enjoy the show. She rubbed the vibrator against her labia and clit, building herself up but stopping before she could climax. She did this repeatedly until she said she was ready to come.

I decided to participate and sucked on her nipple while she brought herself to orgasm with the toy. She trembled as I held her in my arms. We went to sleep like that, naked and embracing.

That weekend was a nonstop orgy. None of us got dressed the whole time. We were either fucking, sucking, or licking when we weren't eating or sleeping, and we didn't do much of the latter. Before Peter and Sophia left, Emilia and I made reservations to fly out and visit them, loving that we had a lovely new couple for fun and games.

–R.P., Phoenix, Arizona

Ever traded partners for sexual variety? Spiced up your bedroom with a smorgasbord of sweaty bodies? If you're a sexual adventurer who has switched on to the swinging scene, we'd like to hear from you. It's a great way to make the experience live on forever. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters,* Department S, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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LETTERS

MAIDEN VOYAGES

GIRL-CHERRY

Don't get me wrong–I still love nothing more than a nice, fat cock in my pussy. But I recently had my first experience with a woman, and it was one of the most sexually satisfying events of my life.

I'm a saleswoman covering a certain territory of the country, and the boss likes to team us up with other salespeople for big presentations. So I found myself in a strange city with Dana, who was fairly new to the company. We flew in from separate airports, met for a quick lunch, went over our proposal (which we had done over the phone and Skype several times) and then made our pitch in the afternoon. When it was accepted, we were overjoyed and had a celebratory dinner, with several drinks.

Dana is a very attractive woman, with dark, shoulder-length hair and bangs. Her eyes are dark brown, and she has a dazzling smile. In her mid-30s, she keeps in excellent shape. In contrast, I'm a tall, lanky blue-eyed blonde with what has been many times called a kewpie-doll face.

While we were at dinner we got to talking about our personal lives. I had just gone through a divorce and was starting to feel comfortable dating again. Dana mentioned that she had also recently broken up with someone, whom she called Bobby. But then as she explained the situation to me I thought I caught a feminine pronoun.

"Excuse me," I said, with a bit of a buzz. "Bobby? Short for Robert?"

She laughed merrily and said, "No, Bobbi, with an 'i.'"

It must have been the wine talking because I blurted out, "You're a lesbian? You don't look like a lesbian!"

I instantly realized what an offensive remark that was and started to apologize. She smiled sweetly and said, "It's okay. I thought everybody knew. And just what does a lesbian look like, anyway? I've always wondered."

She accepted my apology gracefully, and we switched topics. But of course I couldn't help but see her in a whole new light. I like my men strong and rough, but Dana was soft and feminine–and I couldn't help but picture her in sexual situations. I was getting hot and bothered, and I was surprised by my reaction to such thoughts.

I think Dana picked up on my interest, because when we stood in the hallway outside our rooms, which were next to each other, things got very quiet. She asked me, "Do you want to come in?" I nodded, and she took my chin in her hands and drew me to her for a sweet kiss. She then led me into her room.

"Have you ever done this before?" Dana asked as she sat on the bed. I shook my head no, too nervous to speak. "Are you sure you want do this? Because I sure do. You are very sexy."

I felt myself blush and again could only nod. She patted the space beside her on the bed, and I sat next to her. She wrapped her arms around me, and this time our kiss involved tongues, as hers darted between my lips and entwined with mine. I felt a rush of adrenaline course through me, from my pussy right up to my scalp.

I've always liked kissing, especially the French variety, but kissing a woman was so much different than kissing a man. She was so soft, so dainty, yet I felt the passion within her as her tongue snaked against mine. Her skin was soft, too. Being used to the rough texture of the male body, I was really enjoying how her satiny flesh felt to my touch.

Dana broke the kiss, stood and undressed. I was enraptured as she revealed her body. She did a little peek-a-boo, turning her back to me as she unsnapped her bra. She spun around, arms covering her breasts. Then she dropped the arm, and I looked at her beauties, which were C-cups with small, pert nipples. She shimmied out of her panties, giving me a clear view of her smooth, shaved pussy.

Laying back on the bed, her fingers caressing my arm, she said, "Your turn." I stood and nervously removed my clothes. I flashed back to when I stripped for the first time before a man, and once again felt self-conscious about my figure. But those feelings disappeared quickly. Dana drank me in as I disrobed, lightly playing with one of her nipples while she watched me. She gazed at me avidly, her eyes roaming over my curves.

"SHE LAPPED UP MY PUSSY JUICE AND THEN BURIED HER FACE IN ME."

I could tell from her expression that she was pleased by what she saw. When I was finally nude, I got into bed beside her.

Knowing what to do, she took charge. She wrapped me in a hug and kissed my lips, ears and neck. She worked down to my breasts as I moaned, delighting in the contrast in the way her lips felt on me compared to a man's. Her touch was feather light, teasing, and made my pussy wet. Then she got a devilish look in her eye and softly bit my nipple, just hard enough to send a shock through me and make me jerk. Then she resumed sucking my tit, her fingers dancing against my stomach and getting closer to my aching cunt. I arched my back and writhed with unabashed bliss. The pleasure was almost too much to take.

Finally, her fingers found my wet pussy and made little circles around my clit. Her touch was perfect—not too light, not too soft. I felt my arousal soaring with each rotation. Her fingers continued to tease me as her mouth moved to my other breast and my pussy flowed with honey. I told her I needed her fingers inside my cunt. But she had other ideas.

She pulled back and began kissing a line right down my breastbone to my stomach. "God, you smell so good," she whispered, and then began kissing my pubic bone, her fingers tracing patterns against my thighs. Then, finally, her tongue swiped along my slit, and I let out a gasp. She ran the tip around my opening but purposely avoided my clit, making me even more desperate than I already felt. She lapped up my pussy juice and then buried her face in me, her tongue slipping inside and her nose pressed into my pubic hair. My hips beat an anxious rhythm against the mattress, wanting more of her lips, more of her tongue—more of everything.

As Dana's tongue went into overdrive, I knew I wouldn't last long. When my writhing and bucking became too wild, she locked her arms around my hips to ground herself and went along for the ride. I had the most explosive orgasm I can remember having, seeing stars as my climax burst and I was flooded with intense ecstasy. After the waves of pleasure finally ceased, I collapsed on the bed, and Dana slid up next to me, kissing me on the lips so I could taste myself on hers.

We lay like that for a while when I regained my wits and began caressing her. I leaned over and studied her nipple, lightly grazing it, the first female nipple beside my own I had ever touched. She smiled and encouraged me, so I took her nub between my lips and sucked on it. The act felt so strange and wonderful, but Dana let me know I was doing right by her, cooing and running her fingers through my hair.

When she was ready for something different, she winked at me and rolled over onto her stomach. I got on top of her and kissed the back of her neck, rubbing my mound against the small of her back. She told me to kiss her back and work my way down, and I was happy to oblige. I kissed her shoulder blades while tentatively massaging her ass cheeks. She liked this, and I responded by rubbing her butt harder. Somehow I got the idea to give her a little slap on the behind, and she gasped delightedly.

I don't know how long it took me to find my way between her legs, but before long, there I was, with my face inches away from her asshole and cunt. I had never seen a pussy up close before. I mean, I've never taken a good look at my own, so Dana's was my first. For a moment or two I merely studied her, noting the color of her labia and how her flesh folded, like a curtain about to be parted before a magnificent stage show. I tentatively reached out and caressed her lips, which made her inhale sharply.

She lifted her hips and I zoomed in, inhaling her pleasant aroma. I know how I like my pussy treated so I did the same with her, pulling her

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labia apart with my fingers, applying my lips to her opening, and then sucking. Her sweet nectar gushed. I let her succulent warmth flow over my tongue, her mouth-watering flavor making me feel alive.

I ate her out, certainly not with the finesse she showed me, but she seemed to enjoy my attention. As I worked, she rocked backward against me and thrashed about. Her excitement fed my own, motivating me to continue. Changing my technique, I slid my index finger into her moist cavern, loving the way her velvety walls hugged my digit. She groaned at the intrusion and begged, "More!" so I inserted another and then another. She was building to a climax so I finger-banged her with vigor and felt her pussy clamp around my digits as she came loudly.

Afterward, we snuggled for a while, and she spent some time exploring my long legs with her tongue and fingers. I was getting pretty aroused again and told her so. She took me by the hand, and we went into the bathroom, where there was a Jacuzzi. She filled it with warm water, and we got in for some wet-and-wild play. Feeling my confidence grow, I rubbed her cunt with more finesse, making her climax quickly. She returned the favor—and shocked me—when she made me come by rubbing her big toe against my clit, which I found to be a novel—yet thrilling—experience.

I didn't see my hotel room until the next morning, when I packed my bag. We spent the night together in her bed, nude, with our arms around each other. Then we parted ways, heading back to our respective home cities. We haven't seen each other since, but we're due to meet up at a sales conference next month. She's bringing her strap-on dildo and promised me that my second time will be even hotter than the first!

–B.D., Naperville, Illinois

FIRST BLUSH

"There's always a first time." That's what Joshua said before he took off his belt.

"What do you mean?" I asked. Although, I knew. In my heart—and in my pussy—I knew exactly what he was talking about.

"A first time for any new experience," he continued, and he ran the belt through his fingers before making the leather snap. It was almost as if I felt that snap deep within myself, resonating, echoing. My cunt contracted. I looked from the belt to my boyfriend's gray-green eyes and then back to the belt once more. I'd never really observed his belt. It was simply a piece of leather he used to hold up his slacks. Now, the belt seemed to have an almost unnatural sense of power. I felt both drawn and repelled at the same time, a sensuous tug of war of emotions occurred within me.

I wanted that belt, but I was afraid. Simultaneously.

"You said you've never been spanked," he drawled, and he walked from one side of the bed to the other while I watched him. I couldn't remember ever feeling this aroused before. Over dinner, when he'd told me that what he really wanted to do was spank me, I'd gone pink and explained that I'd never played like that before. I hadn't. My love life before Joshua had been fulfilling but vanilla.

"Do you want to play that way?" he'd asked me. I'd thought for a sliver of time, for a sip of water, and then I'd nodded yes.

"I want to hear you say the words," he'd said in response to my silent gesture.

I'd had to clear my throat to make myself heard. "Yes," I'd told him. "I want you to spank me." But even then, I didn't fully understand. I didn't grasp completely what the concept would do to me. Now, he was continuing the conversation.

"Sexy spankings can be total turn-ons," he explained.

"Tell me more."

"First, I'll bend you over my knee."

I could picture that.

"Then, I'll lift that pretty little skirt you're wearing."

I ran my hands over the edges of the skirt. It was a dark blue, one of my favorites, pleated but modest in length.

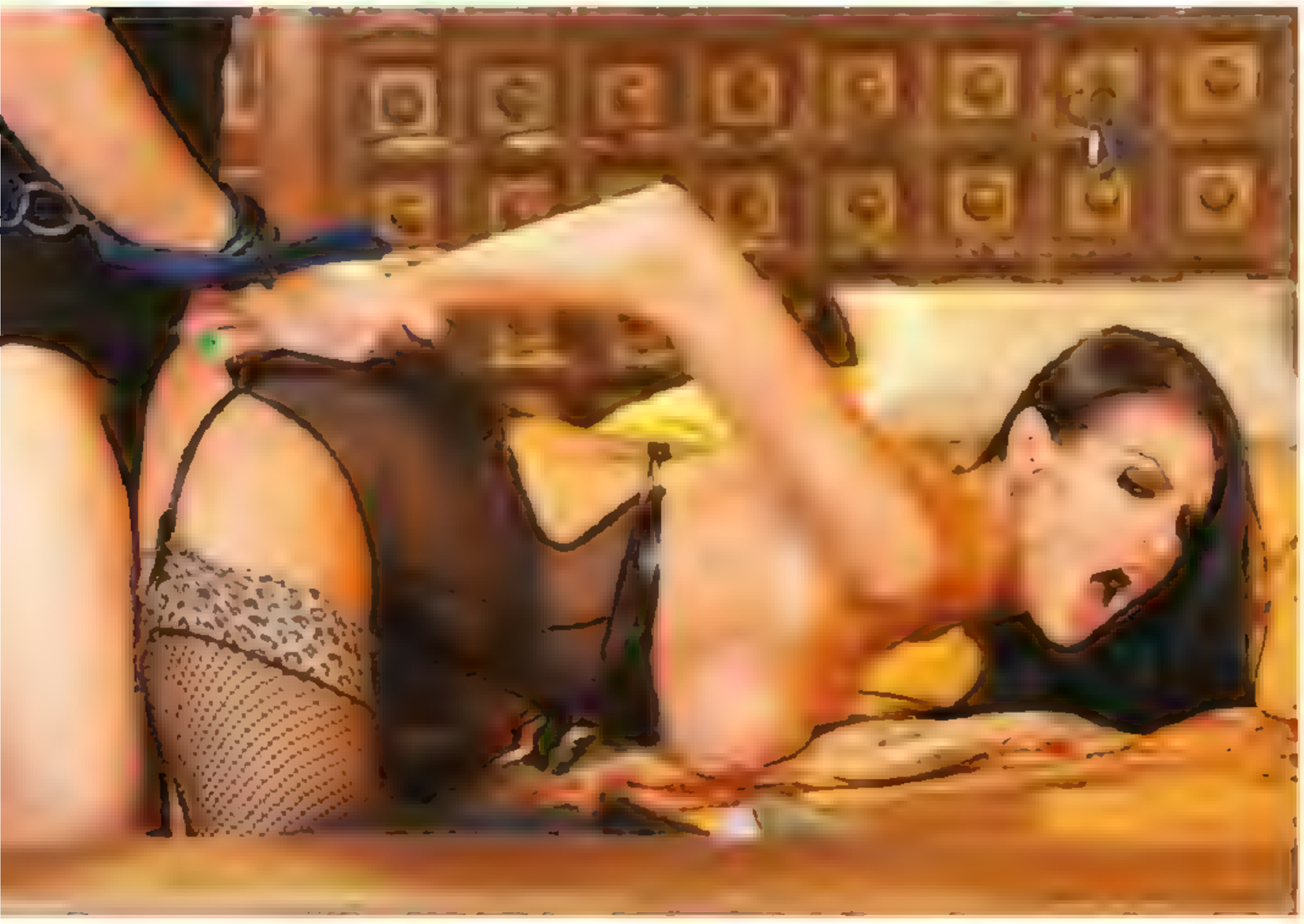
"What panties do you have on underneath?" Joshua queried.

I couldn't remember. Were they black? Were they purple? My mind was a blank. "I don't know," I said honestly.

"Let's find out," he said. "Are you ready?"

I shook my head. "Tell me more. Tell me the rest." My heart was pounding. I felt as wired as if we were about to ride the tallest rollercoaster at the park. But this was different. Joshua and I were alone in our bedroom, about to embark on something completely new, something I'd never done.

He smiled at me as if to say we had all the



"I WANTED HIM TO SPANK ME. TO REALLY SPANK ME."

time I needed. "I'll give you a few smacks on your ass through your panties," he continued. "So you can process the sensation. So you can determine how you really feel about getting a nice, hard spanking before I fuck you."

"You're going to fuck me afterward?" I asked. My voice didn't sound like my voice. Not really. It was hushed and dark, filled with a yearning I almost didn't recognize.

"Of course," he said. "When your ass is all red and hot from the spanking, that's when I'll fuck you. Trust me, you'll be ready. You'll be slippery wet, so damn juicy. My cock will slide right inside you, as easy as pie."

He could have fucked me right then. I was already making my panties so wet. But he didn't know that.

"I'll tell you what I've learned from past experiences," Joshua said, moving closer to me on the bed.

I interrupted him. "Past?" I asked. "You've…" I let the question hang in between us. Of course, I knew Joshua had dated women before me. I'd been with my share of men, as well. It was the fact that he'd spanked them that twisted something inside me. Was it excitement? Jealousy?

"Yes, I've done this before," he said, "with other girlfriends. You're in good hands."

He set the belt down and then showed me his hands. They were big, calloused on the upper palms. I wanted to feel his hands on my ass.

"So now you," he said. "What do you think?"

What did I think? That was a good question. "I want you to explain the whole thing first. So I can think about it." Was that totally true? Or was I simply stalling for time?

"Fine," he agreed, and he sat at my side. "I will put you over my lap, flip that skirt of yours up, and spank your pretty ass. Then I'll pull down your panties, and I'll let you feel my hand land on your bare skin. The sound will delight you. Like clapping, but different. You're going to love this, every second of this. I promise, Jaime."

I was sure he was right. If the way my pussy was reacting to his words was any type of sign, then I was going to come like I never had before. I could feel how wet I was already. Then I realized something. He'd be able to feel that, too. He'd know as soon as he touched my panties how turned on he'd gotten me with his words alone. Would that be a problem for me? I could only imagine that it would.

"Okay," I said, coming to a decision right then. "Let's do this. Let's try this."

"If you want me to stop at any point, just say the word," he said, already bending me over his lap. I helped him to maneuver me to the proper position, feeling my body drape naturally over his lap.

"What word?" I whispered, voice directed toward the floor.

"Crimson."

I liked that.

There was a moment then when I found myself in that upended pose, staring down at the carpet, thinking about what his hand would feel like, imagining how my ass would take every blow. There was this moment when I wasn't sure how I felt. I was nervous, yes. I was turned on, definitely. But for a split second, I actually thought I might laugh. This had to be nerves. This wasn't a funny situation! I tried to remain calm. My heart was going crazy. Then he landed the first blow, and all desire to laugh departed, vanished in a heartbeat, in a breath, in a smack.

That first spank didn't hurt. That's the truth. His hand was muffled by both my skirt and my panties. But the act sent a jolt to my very core, telling me exactly how much I was going to appreciate this evening's erotic events. I wanted him to spank me. To really spank me. I wanted to feel his hand on my ass, the power of it, the pattern of the blows. I sighed, and he let another spank land. That one was equally arousing. I squirmed, and he raised the hem of my skirt. He moved slowly, so that I felt the drag of the fabric traveling up the back of my naked thighs.

What was taking him so long? Why didn't he go quickly?

I guessed he didn't because he was giving me time to absorb every individual sensation. My whole body felt turned on in a way I hadn't expected. I felt as if I were aware of every nerve ending. As if my whole body had been plugged into some hitherto unknown erotic current.

He rested his big palm against my panty-clad ass and then didn't move. He was taunting me! That's how it felt. Teasing me with the promise of a spanking without actually delivering. I squirmed on his lap. When I did

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that, his knee made perfect contact with my clit. I sighed, then replicated the move, wanting more pressure. He said sternly, "None of that, now. You'll get your reward after your spanking."

Then he started again. His hand met my ass more firmly, and even though I still had my panties, the silky fabric didn't protect me much from the sting. From then on, the whole event felt like a blur. His hand connected with my ass over and over. My hips swiveled; my body rocked. My long hair cascaded over my face. I put my palms on the floor to keep myself steady, but I couldn't control all of the motions and manipulations. He had to finally scissor one of his legs over my squirming limbs to hold me in check. Then he pulled down my panties to my knees. I think we were both holding our breath at that moment. Was he waiting to see if I'd say "crimson"? I could have told him that I wouldn't, that I was dying to feel his palm on my bare skin. But I simply waited, and he waited, and then without further warning, he continued with gusto.

This was the real spanking. This is what I'd been waiting for. His hand met what I knew was my pink skin over and over. I gave myself to him. I didn't squirm any more. I let the pain melt into me, let my body absorb every single sensation until I felt as if I were flying. The endorphins seemed to be pinging through my whole body, as if I were a pinball machine, right on the cusp of lighting up every quadrant. He played me with expert precision. Then suddenly, I felt his belt. I'd forgotten about the leather strap. He used this tool in a series of stripes—one, two, three.

Too soon, I realized I was going to come, and I let him know.

In a flash, he moved me so that I was on the bed, and he was behind me. I heard the zip of his fly, felt the length of his cock. He was in me so fast, so smooth, and then we were connected. He'd told me the truth. Being fucked post-spanking was the highest of highs. My pussy seemed to grip him, to grab him. I was coming almost from the very first thrust. Joshua held my hips with his hot hands, and he plunged into me repeatedly, until the two of us were a swirl of sighs and cries. Both of us calling out our pleasure as the climaxes nearly ripped through us. He pulled out at the last moment and came on my stinging ass, then rubbed his hand over my cheeks, soothing my heat with his cream.

We were quiet for a moment, almost as if we were in awe of what had just occurred. And then an idea hit me.

"There's always time for another first," I said, sitting up and motioning for Joshua to take his position over my lap.

–J.K., Burlington, Vermont

SEXT LIFE

My phone buzzed in my pocket, startling me. I looked at the message: "Send me a picture."

I stared at the photo and felt my face grow hot. I shook my head. Jacob and I were a new thing and had only met once, but my God, there had been sparks. But a photo bunny, I am not. I don't randomly shoot selfies and send them to other people. It's very much not my game. And yet…

I took a picture of my feet and laughed at my own smart-ass nature. I sent the picture to Jacob and waited. Somehow a person I barely knew was occupying a lot of my mental time. Even doing the dishes had become an exercise in concentration, and I tried to refocus my attention. I tried to put him out of my head and grabbed a sponge.

My phone went off again as my hands were submerged in hot, soapy water, and I was once again promising myself that next paycheck I'd break down and buy a dishwasher.

I dried my hands and checked the screen: "Funny. Now send me a *real* picture. Show me something sexy, sexy."

I snorted laughter, but my heart was pounding. In the past any requests like that were met with a "no, not my thing," but with Jacob, it was different. Something was very different, because just the fact that he'd asked had my pulse echoing in my ears.

I angled my phone and took a shot of my calf, flexed, accentuated by an oh-so-sexy flip flop. But hey, for me, that was racy. I hit "send" before I could reconsider and plunged my hands back into the warm water just to have something to occupy myself while I waited for his reply.

My phone jangled, and I jumped, laughing at myself.

"Nice. Now go higher," read his message.

This wasn't me. Not the normal me. Sending body shots to a man, even if I knew damn well I wanted to fuck him. I stared at the little black words in the tiny white box and muttered, "Fuck it."

Angling the camera wasn't easy, and when I shifted I noticed how wet my pussy was. Under my thin cotton shorts, my cunt thumped in time with my runaway heart.

My thighs appeared onscreen, and before

"AS HE PUSHED THICK FINGERS INTO MY CUNT, HE TOOK A PICTURE WITH HIS PHONE."

I could second-guess myself, I hit "send." I didn't even bother with the hot water this time. I stood and waited.

"Even better. Now higher."

I chewed my lower lip, far from oblivious that my pussy was drenched and my nipples ached. I quickly typed my own message: "What about me? Don't I get anything?"

I waited, holding my breath and wondering how he'd respond.

The phone chimed, and I opened his text to see his thick cock in his hand. Just that, but the sight was more than enough to send me reeling.

Beneath the photo, his message read: "See what you do to me?"

I swallowed hard, chuckling a little at the fact that I'd have sworn on a stack of bibles that I'd never be doing this. This sexting thing. Not me. Yet here I was.

My fingers shook slightly as I typed: "I'm glad I do that to you."

My phone dinged again and my pulse shot up. I felt like I'd swallowed a lightning bolt.

"Now you. Show me if you're wet."

I took a deep breath. Was I really going to do this? When my hands went immediately to my shorts to push them down, I realized: Yes, I was really going to do this.

My shorts puddled around my feet and then my panties. I sat on top of my clothes on the kitchen floor with my legs crossed. The image showed my sex: red, wet, and plump. Again, no room for hesitation, I took the shot and hit "send." My heart was a wild thing in my chest.

The phone went off immediately: "Jesus, I wish I was there. I wish I was fucking you. You're so wet and ready."

A strange little laugh escaped me, and I typed without hesitation. "I wish you were here, too."

There had been sparks, chemistry, full-on lust, but we'd both kind of danced around each other on that first date. But with nothing but little boxes of text between us, we didn't dance at all.

"Leaving the office for lunch. Five minutes away from you…"

I literally moaned when I read those words because despite my weird foray into picture-fueled pseudo sex, I wanted him. Badly. In real life.

I angled my phone and pushed two fingers inside my pussy. When the shot was right, I took it and hit "send" with the words "Come over."

Then I waited. And waited. And waited some more. I was ready to throw my phone in the water-filled my sink when the doorbell rang.

I scrambled to my feet and pulled on my shorts, leaving my panties on the floor. It could be anyone, but the way my heart was beating out of my chest, I knew damn well who I hoped it was.

I opened the door, and he stepped inside quickly, crowding me. He grabbed my hips, pulling me in for a kiss. "You put the stupid shorts back on. Why? Why would you do that?" he asked, mouth still moving against mine.

Before I could respond, his hands were on my waistband and he was pushing my shorts down. We managed to get the door shut to avoid giving the neighborhood a show, and Jacob walked me back to the sofa. I sat down hard, and he tugged my tee up and over my head. As he whisked it off, my hair created a dark blonde cloud around my face before settling against my bare shoulders and back.

I watched him take his clothes off and realized I was still, somehow, holding my phone.

He pushed me down on the cushions and lay down on top of me. I went to drop the phone, but he nipped at my ear and whispered, "Keep it close." A hot shiver shot through me, and I arched up to feel his hard cock nudge my clit. I wrapped my legs around him and pressed upward, so he could feel how wet I was.

"Jesus, those legs," he said in my ear.

Jacob kissed me and pulled back to kneel between my legs. As he pushed thick fingers into my cunt, he took a picture with his phone. Mine dinged, and I looked—at the up-close image of what he was doing to me that I could only feel from the way I was positioned. My cunt gripped his fingers tighter just seeing it.

He bent and licked my clit, dragging his hot tongue slowly across the tender flesh. My hips shot up, and my eyes slammed shut. He worked me with his tongue until I hovered on the edge of coming. I vaguely heard the shutter sound of his phone taking another picture, and when my phone went off, I opened my eyes to see a vivid picture of my erect clit, wet with his spit. I gasped when his mouth closed over me again and sucked. His fingers flexed inside me, and without notice I came, a loud cry flying off my lips as I jerked my body upward, grinding my cunt against his mouth.

Then he was knocking my legs wider,

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settling his body between my spread thighs and pushing his cockhead against my entrance. He kissed me roughly, his lips and tongue tasting like my juices. My mind whirled with how I'd been hesitant to even send a picture to this man, and now he was sliding into me slowly, making my body crave him deeper inside.

My phone chimed, and I laughed softly at the fact that he was texting me filthy pictures while we fucked. And there it was: his thick cock driving into my wet pussy vivid on the screen. I tossed the phone onto the back sofa cushion and reached for him.

"Enough. Just fuck me. I want to feel it."

He grinned at me and put his phone next to mine. "Okay, but one more. In a few minutes…"

I nodded as he settled over me, his body undulating like a wave as he plunged in and out of me. I arched up to meet his thrusts, feeling his cock nudge my G-spot every time he drove inward. My toes curled around nothing; my fingertips roamed his back. He gently bit my collarbone, and I damn near came but managed to hold off. When his fingers dug into my hips, his body smashed flat against mine and I moaned against his neck.

"That noise alone is going to kill me," Jacob said.

I shook my head, indicating I couldn't help it, not one bit. I clenched my internal muscles around him and heard him hiss. "Fuck…" His rhythm sped up, his pubic bone banging my clit with every thrust, and when he moaned with pleasure, I lost myself to orgasm, coming again.

He pulled free of me, and I groaned, feeling the loss of him inside me. The groan turned to a sigh as he settled back between my thighs and started to lick me again. "Don't come," he said, looking up from between my spread thighs. "But tell me when you might."

I could only nod. All words lost to me by then. Every drag of his wet tongue over my sensitive clit was a lightning bolt spearing through my body. I gripped his hair in my fists, feeling demolished from every languishing flick of his tongue. My hips rocked as I tried to absorb as much pleasure as I could without climaxing.

"Stop, stop," I whispered, tugging his hair. "I'm going to come."

Jacob sat back on his haunches and wiped his mouth. "Turn over," he said.

I flipped over and let him arrange me. My body was loose. I felt boneless as he pushed and pulled me into the position he wanted. In my peripheral vision, I saw his big hand grab his phone. *Now this is phone sex*, I thought, and I laughed. I heard the shutter noise and then felt him pressing into me. Slowly pushing his hard cock into my cunt from behind. Inch by inch. Another shutter sound, and I shivered.

My phone jingled as I heard his phone hit the sofa. His hands gripped my hips, and he moved in and out of me with ease. My whole body was soft and relaxed except for my pussy, which gripped him tight and milked his cock.

The pictures flashed on my screen: My wet pussy, rosy red and swollen from the fucking. Then his cock, buried half-deep in me. All the things I couldn't see facing away from him. I shut my eyes and let my phone drop as I moved back to take him.

"HIS RHYTHM SPED UP, HIS PUBIC BONE BANGING MY CLIT WITH EVERY THRUST."

His fingers dug into my flesh harder, stinging, and he growled. "Rub your clit. Come with me. I'm not good for much longer."

I did as he asked, reaching beneath my body and stroking my tender clitoris as I took every inch of his cock. When he splayed one big hand across my lower back and drove into me roughly, he whispered, "Come with me. Come now." And I had no trouble obliging him.

I climaxed as his body shuddered and bumped against mine. He folded himself over me, wrapping his arm around my waist. His cock was still inside me, even as it softened. "Have I mentioned," he said, kissing the place between my shoulder blades, "that I love texting you?"

I could only laugh. "You're pretty fun to text with yourself, mister."

–B.H., Reston, Virginia

Some say the first time is the greatest–until you have the chance to do it all again. But some virgin sexcapades are so memorable they deserve to be shared, so tell us about yours. What's your wildest cherry-popping story? Who was your first butt-fuck? Who did you do at your first swing party? Penthouse wants to hear all the dirty details. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department MV, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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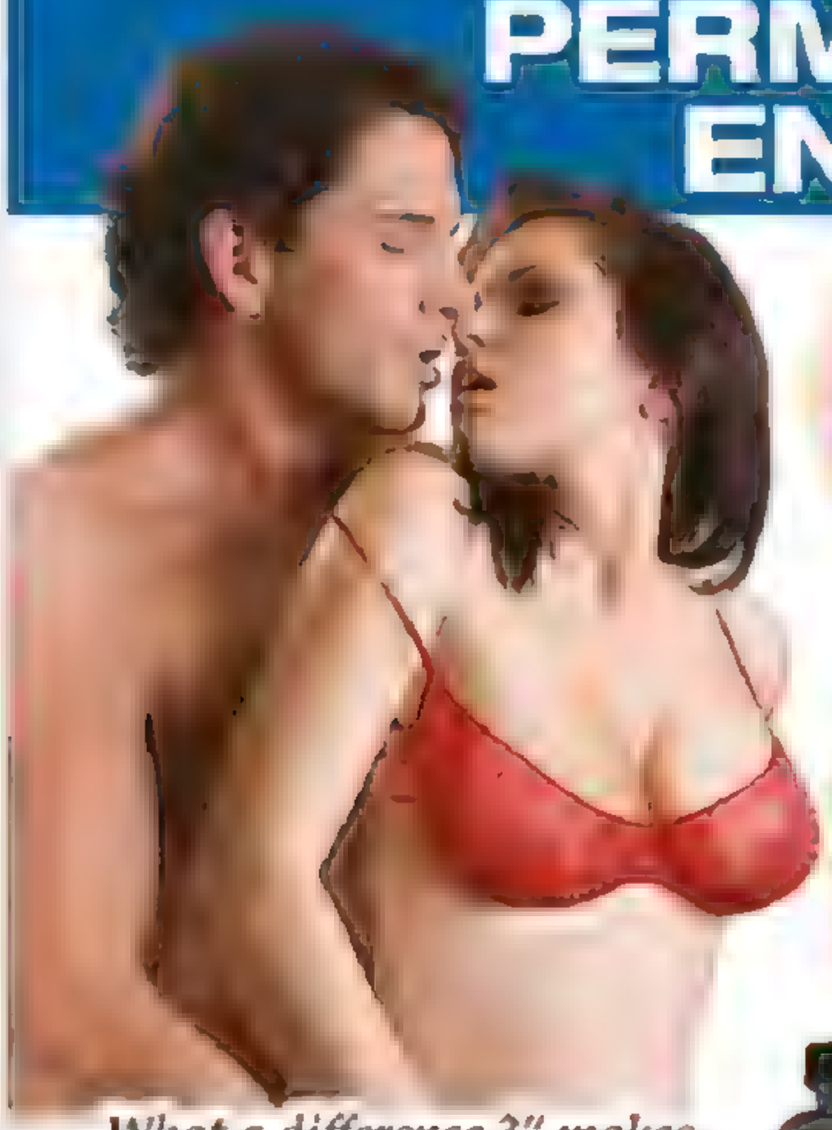

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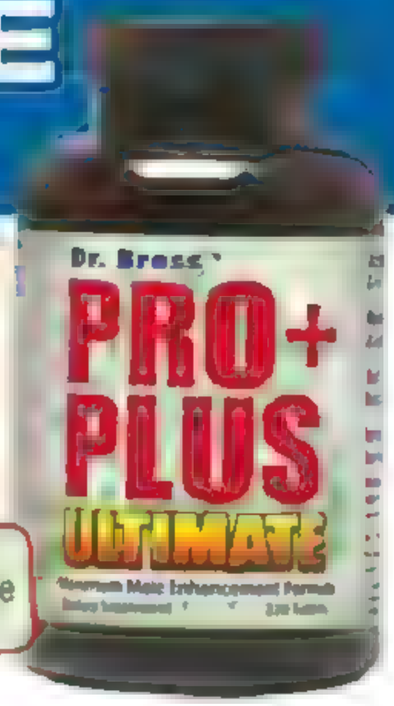

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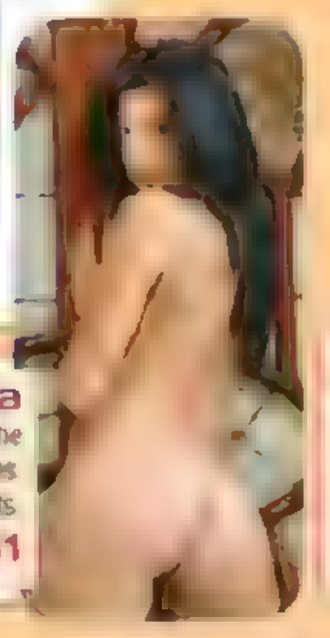

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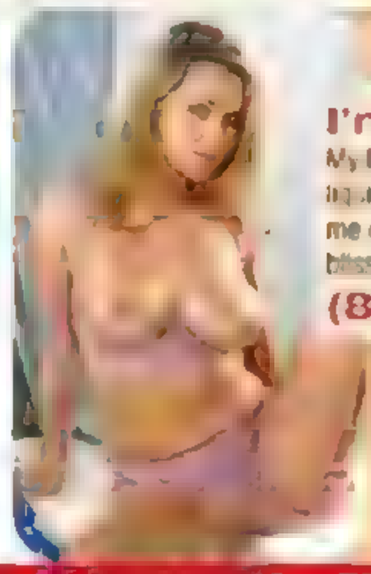

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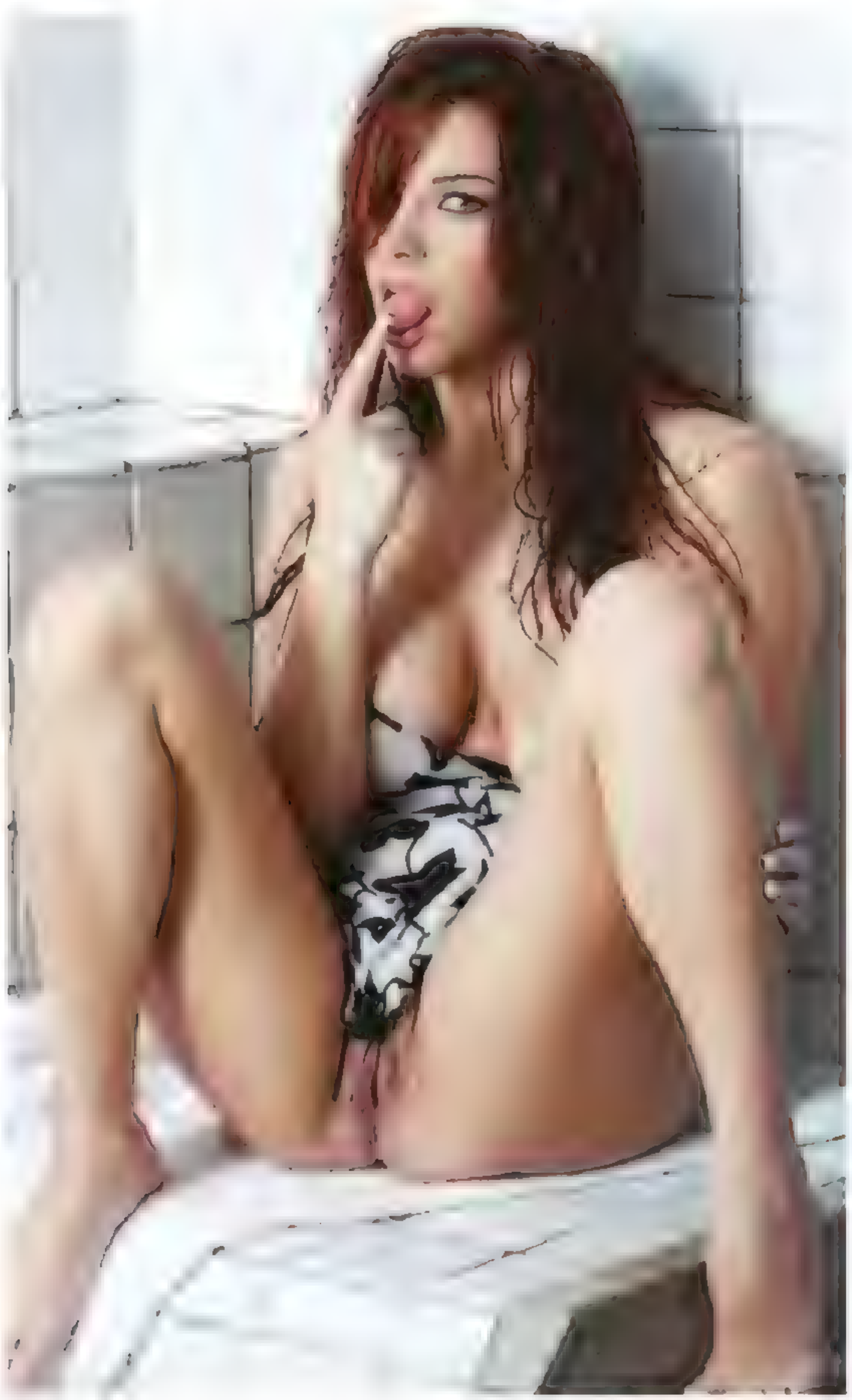

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SABRINA

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SABRINA

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LETTERS

BOOTY TIME

BACKDOOR BABES

When Gina asked me what I wanted for our anniversary, I could think of only one thing: a new strap-on. But not for me—for Gina. Because, you see, the thing I really, truly wanted was to be fucked in the ass. And I wanted my girlfriend to do it to me.

Gina and I weren't exactly new to butt play. We both enjoy the occasional finger in the ass, and once in awhile we'll even break out the matching butt plugs we bought on our trip to Seattle, but we'd never actually participated in real, actual anal sex together. I'd never fucked her ass, and she'd never fucked mine. Admittedly, Gina never wanted to be nailed in the rear, but me? I'd been waiting for her to go to town on my backdoor since we started dating. And now, finally, I was going to get it.

My girlfriend thought she could surprise me, but I'm a terrible snoop, so I'd already found the harness she'd bought, and I had a feeling there was a sleek new dildo to go with it. So of course, when she asked me what I wanted as a gift, I told her what I knew I was already getting. She didn't even bat an eye, though. She just smiled and said she'd see what she could do.

A week later, Gina finally gave me my "surprise." After a delicious home-cooked dinner prepared by me, we moved to the living room to share a bottle of sparkling wine—and get a little frisky. We kissed and caressed each other slowly, my hands going for Gina's soft, pillowy breasts while hers alternately fisted in my hair and stroked up and down my back.

The more we kissed and touched, the more turned on I became. Normally, I'd have suggested we move up to the bedroom by then, but I was enjoying all the gentle caresses and playful making out. I was enjoying myself so much, in fact, that I'd even briefly forgotten about my kinky request.

After probably an hour, when we both needed a moment to catch our breath and give our lips a break, Gina asked me if I was ready for my present. *Oh, right!* I thought, finally remembering what it was I'd been craving. I said I was, and she took one more sip of her wine, stood up in front of me, and slowly unbuttoned her dress, revealing her lacy bra, her bare stomach, and, finally, the thin, curved dildo that protruded from the front of her harness. She'd been wearing it all evening, and I hadn't even noticed!

"So…do you like it?" she asked, and I was so excited that I couldn't form words, so I just nodded. Eventually, though, I was able to pull myself together enough to say, "Yes!"

Somehow, while I was busy marveling at the glittery silver-colored shaft, Gina had produced a bottle of lube that she must have stashed behind a couch cushion, and when I finally looked up from the harness again, she was holding the bottle out to me. "Care to do the honors?" she asked.

I reached out to take the bottle from her and popped open the cap while Gina finished taking off her dress. I poured a small amount of the lube into my palm and leaned forward to wrap my hand around the silvery dildo. Starting at the tip, I ran my palm along the full length of the shaft, right up to where it connected to the harness with an O-ring, and then back up to the head again, making sure to cover the entire length with the slick, cool gel. Then I poured more lube onto my hand and stroked my fingers once more over the full length, until the silicone was practically dripping with the slippery stuff.

With her faux cock nice and slick now, Gina told me to pull down my underwear, lean over the arm of the couch, and flip up the back of

my skirt. I began to follow her orders, and as I pulled down my panties, we both discovered how excited I was, as the crotch of my undies was soaked through with my juices.

I walked around to the side of the sofa, picked my skirt up, spread my legs shoulder-width apart, and leaned forward over the arm.

I watched over my shoulder as Gina moved to stand behind me and then slowly drizzled some lube between my cheeks. I felt the liquid as it dribbled along my intimate flesh, and I shivered in excitement, knowing that it meant we were getting closer to the big event.

Gina took a moment to work the lube into my ass with a finger, making sure I was absolutely ready. And then, finally, I felt the tip of the dildo push lightly against my backdoor.

I moaned loudly as I felt the stiff silicone press against my anus, and I arched my back, trying to move closer to Gina to make more of the toy slide inside me. But Gina held steady. She took her time, very, very carefully easing the length into me. Long minutes passed as I waited for her shaft to be fully enveloped between my cheeks. She advanced incrementally, my ass stretching ever so slowly as, bit by bit, her dildo claimed me.

Finally, I felt Gina's hips pressed against mine and the full length of the shaft buried inside me. I groaned happily; it felt even better than I'd imagined. I loved the feel of Gina pressed up behind me, her hips and thighs and legs aligned with mine, her soft skin against mine. And when she leaned forward to kiss the back of my neck while she was buried inside me, I felt a new flood of wetness between my thighs; I was coming from the delicious pressure and fullness. She hadn't even fucked me yet, and I felt incredible!

We stayed still for a full minute, with Gina resting against me while I savored the feeling of being stuffed full. And then, when I thought it could barely get any better, she pulled back, eased the dildo out of my ass, and then started to thrust into me for real.

Gina kept me on my toes the entire time she fucked me. Some of her thrusts were long and deep, some were hard and fast and resulted in her hips slapping loudly against my ass, and other strokes she made were quick and shallow, only a couple inches of her shaft sliding in and out of my rear entrance. I never knew what she was going to do next or which sensation I would experience. And I loved it! I loved all the surprising things I felt. I loved the pressure and the friction, and I loved the way our bodies smacked together and the sounds we made. Everything was perfect.

"SHE ADVANCED INCREMENTALLY, MY ASS STRETCHING EVER SO SLOWLY."

As Gina continued to fuck me, I reached one hand under my dress to pull on my nipples. I couldn't comfortably reach my clit or pussy in the position I was in, but it only took a little wiggling to reach inside my dress and bra to get to my breasts. I started by massaging my boobs, one at a time, getting more and more aroused. Then I began to roughly squeeze them, groping myself and upping my arousal even more until I was moaning continuously. Finally, when I felt like I was on the verge of an explosion, I started to pull on my nipples aggressively.

I tweaked the left nipple first, pinching and twisting it, and I felt my thighs shake as the sensations combined with the ass-fucking Gina was giving me to bring me closer to orgasm. Then I switched to the right nipple, and I stretched it out from my breast several times, each time pulling it as far out as I could no longer resist the pleasure.

While my girlfriend continued to pump in and out of my back hole, and my fingers stretched my nipple, I exploded in orgasm. My whole body shook, I felt a rush of heat and wetness between my thighs, and I cried out loudly in ecstasy. And then, too soon, it was all over.

When I finished, Gina slowly pulled out of me and removed her harness, and I heard the dildo clatter against the hardwood floor. Then she helped me up from the arm of the sofa and guided me to lay down on the couch with her. We snuggled up close, and she whispered sweetly in my ear and stroked my hair as I came down from my high.

Eventually, we moved to the bedroom for some nice, easy lovemaking, and we fell asleep in each other's arms late that night.

I don't know if Gina and I will break out the strap-on often now, or if we're going to save it for special occasions, but I do know that she gave me the best present of my life. Now, I can't wait for the next holiday, so I can return the favor.

–A.S., Austin, Texas

LETTERS

BOOTY TIME

ANAL ACTION

My girlfriend, Cindy, loves to call me an ass man, and I'm happy to hold the title. The first thing I noticed about her was, in fact, her perfect behind, and I've been obsessed with her firm, round butt ever since.

I like looking at her derriere, caressing her cheeks, and, more than anything, I love fucking her tight rear hole. And, lucky for me, she loves having her ass fucked. We're perfectly matched.

While we don't have anal sex every day, or even every week, we probably do it a lot more than most people. Hell, according to Cindy, most of her girlfriends aren't into butt-fucking at all, so I know their boyfriends and husbands aren't getting even a small portion of the anal action I am.

Last night, for example, I took Cindy's ass in the shower after we went on a late-night run. We'd both been working all day and needed to get out and stretch our legs, so we'd decided to jog around the lake behind our development. During our run, we'd decided to race, but once Cindy started beating me, well… Let me just say that the view from second place was so good I no longer cared about winning.

By the time Cindy realized that I had given up so I could ogle her butt as it shook and jiggled in her little running shorts, we were almost home. She started ragging on me about my inability to focus on anything but her ass, but we both knew she wasn't serious. She may give me shit about my desire for her derriere, but she loves my fixation as much as I do.

Anyway, last night when we got home, I was already horny from staring at her ass for two miles, so when she suggested we hop in the shower to cool down, I was definitely game.

We lathered each other up and washed each other's hair—all that sexy, romantic shit that she loves to do when we shower together. Though why she thinks washing each other's hair is romantic is beyond me. Then when I thought we were about to wrap things up, she…well, she dropped the soap.

Yup, you read that right. She dropped the soap. Her action was the most comical come-on she'd ever used on me, but it definitely worked. As she bent over oh-so-slowly to scoop up the slippery bar, my cock sprang to attention and I moved in.

Cindy, still bent at the waist, gripped the edge of the tub as I massaged her crack. I worked my soapy fingers into her hole, and she groaned as I pumped them a few times to get her ready for my rod. She wiggled impatiently, so I worked quickly to replace my digits with my dick. She held on tight as I worked my erection into her hole and started banging her. I knew I was going to blow fast,

"SHE HELD ON TIGHT AS I WORKED MY ERECTION INTO HER HOLE."

so I made sure to reach between her legs to play with her clit so I could get her off, too. With one hand gripping her hip tightly and the fingers of the other strumming her button, I jammed my cock in and out of her accommodating passage.

Her ass was nice and tight, and her cheeks hugged my dick as it thrust in and out of her. The pressure and friction were more than enough to get me off. After only a few dozen strokes—which took only a few minutes, at most—I blew my load, filling her ass with come.

I pulled my cock out and watched my cream trickle out of her butt. The milky streams got washed down her legs and swirled down the drain, thanks to the shower spray. I stood her up and backed her against the tiled wall, so I could continue to finger-fuck her pussy. Her face and chest were flushed, and her eyes fluttered closed as she surrendered to her pleasure. As she neared her peak, she thrust her hips toward me in desperation. I added a third finger to her cunt, and then a fourth, before rubbing her clit with my thumb.

She looked so beautiful and sexy as she rode my hand to her climax. Cindy shouted loudly as she came, and I wrapped my other arm around her waist to hold her up as she shook in orgasm.

She was so weak-kneed I had to help her out of the shower. I even dried her off because she was still unsteady from her climax. But by the time we were clean and dry and in our bedroom, I was raring to go again. Cindy was up for round two as well, and we spent the rest of the night having all the fun her friends were missing out on!

–W.F., Portland, Oregon

BUTT SLUT

Every Friday, Kenny and I have "Anything Goes Night." That's when we cut loose and do whatever we want without worrying about the consequences. We don't count calories or worry about getting drunk and having to wake up on time the next day. Basically, we give ourselves a night off from reality.

Most of the time, we use our "wild" nights off to stay up late binge-watching TV shows or scaring the crap out of ourselves with our favorite horror movies. Now and then we'll go to a club to see one of our favorite DJs spin late into the night, or we'll go to a concert and dance and drink until we're ready to fall straight into bed when we get home.

But once in awhile, we use our big nights to have no-holds-barred sex. Sometimes we go for kink, sometimes we try to change up the location of our lovemaking, and sometimes we try something new. Last week, we opted for anal.

We'd been gearing up for it slowly, over a number of weeks. Kenny had started months earlier by running his finger around my sphincter, lightly teasing me and warming me up to the idea of backdoor play.

At first I was shocked. But once I could lay there and feel him touch that sensitive part of me without jumping, he began to ease his finger inside with the help of lots of lube. The initial entry into my ass was a little daunting because I was so tense, but I took a deep breath and relaxed, letting his fingertip inside. Once I let go of my nervousness, I realized that it actually felt really good. I liked feeling his finger inside me, and I wanted more. I was suddenly in a rush, but Kenny still took his time, not wanting us to go too fast, too soon. Every few days, he'd inch more of his digit into me as we played until I could take his forefinger right up to the bottom knuckle without any problems.

When I was comfortable with finger-banging, we moved on to butt plugs. We researched them extensively and bought a series of toys, each one larger in size. The smallest was slightly thicker than his finger and the biggest was nearly the size of his dick. And every week we played with a new plug, selecting the next largest in our collection. Having him prepare my ass to take the toy was dirty, good foreplay. By the time the plug was stretching and filling my asshole, I was raring to fuck. In the back of my mind, I knew we were ultimately preparing me to take his dick in my ass, which excited me to no end.

The big event came last Friday, when "Anything Goes" became "Everything Anal." We'd been prepping for so long that whatever trepidation I'd felt at the beginning of our experiment had disappeared, and now all I felt was excitement and arousal. I remembered every jolt of joy I'd felt as a butt plug was pushed between my cheeks or pulled slowly out of my ass, and all the pleasure I'd experienced as Kenny wiggled a finger into my tight rear entrance. And now, I was ready for the real thing.

The night started like any other evening of lovemaking, with lots of kissing, touching, and caressing. Kenny whispered sweet nothings into my ear as he undressed me, and he told me how sexy he found my new lingerie. I'd bought the set just for that night, to highlight my desires. The panties showed off my ass with a heart-shaped cutout on the butt. We explored every inch of each other's body as we worked up to the main event.

Kenny fucked my pussy first, to get me really in the mood. Having his cock buried between my thighs only made me want him buried in my ass that much more. It was the perfect precursor.

After I'd had a long, hard climax and felt totally relaxed, Kenny pulled out, lifted my legs up so my knees rested over his shoulders, and began to ease his lubed dick into my butt. Even though we'd been preparing for that night for so long, nothing could have prepared me for how excited I'd feel once my boyfriend's cockhead was pressing against my sphincter, begging for entrance to my behind.

As Kenny eased more of his cock into my ass, he kept his eyes locked on mine. He kept checking to make sure I was okay and was enjoying myself. Not that he needed to ask–the massive smile on my face, which was making my cheeks ache, definitely gave me away.

He took his time penetrating me, but every inch felt better than the last as he eased his cock into me. Once he was fully enveloped between my cheeks, and once I gave the go-ahead, he started to thrust.

I was open and ready and begged him to

LETTERS

BOOTY TIME

pick up the pace. I wasn't ready for hardcore fucking, but I wanted a little speed, a little force, and Kenny gave me just what I was hoping for. He stroked in and out, in and out, moving faster each time, until he was fucking my ass at a good, steady pace.

It was heaven! I didn't think I'd like the first time, but it was everything I wanted and more. I already knew that I wanted Kenny's cock in my ass on the regular. I wanted him to drill my ass even more than I wanted him to do my pussy. Maybe it was because we'd been preparing for the big moment for so long, or maybe I'm just a "butt slut," as Kenny has taken to calling me, but from that moment on I was a convert.

I begged Kenny to keep going; he'd worked up to the perfect pace, making my arousal skyrocket. As always, he didn't disappoint. He kept at it, stroking in and out at exactly the speed I craved. The longer he pumped, the more pleasure I felt, until I felt the telltale tingles that signaled an impending orgasm. I wasn't far from climaxing, and I was desperate to get there. I reached between my legs to find my pussy sloppy-wet, and I stroked my clit erratically as Kenny continued to plunder my behind.

I clenched my cheeks to add more pressure, like I sometimes did with the butt plugs, and Kenny moaned loudly at the sensation. He kept pumping, shortening his thrusts and banging me with a staccato rhythm. It only took ten or twelve strokes like that before I let go and my body shook as my orgasm hit.

Kenny wasn't far behind, the orgasmic spasms of my asshole no doubt inspiring him. He shot the first load into my ass, then pulled out and fired the rest of his load onto my stomach, letting me see how much he enjoyed our new favorite sexual pastime.

We lay in bed for a while afterward and discussed everything we'd done, our own sexual post-mortem. Kenny asked me if I'd enjoyed myself, and I giggled as I told him yes, though I knew the answer was obvious. And I asked him if he enjoyed himself, too, and he, of course, said he had. Then he asked if I wanted to do it again, and when I said, "Absolutely! Let's go!" he laughed.

"Not now," he said, amused. "I meant in general."

"Oh." I was, I have to admit, a little disappointed. I was already addicted.

Kenny told me not to worry, he just needed some time to rebound and he'd be ready for another go. "In the meantime, why don't we get some rest," he suggested. "Maybe discuss what you want to do next Friday."

I already knew what I wanted to do—and what I'll want to do for the next few Fridays at least. But I was willing to play along. After all, I had a feeling our newest Friday activity was soon going to be part of our everyday lives, too.

—D.R., Washington, D.C.

BUCKET LIST

Ashley and I have been dating for about six months, and the sex has been great. She is a pint-sized package, not much more than five-feet tall, but she can fuck with the strength of three women. I've had my share of lovers, but she is voracious, and I've had the best sex of my life.

She is into almost everything, but I held back asking her about one of the major items on my sex bucket list—anal. I'd never had it, and I've always been curious about it, especially reading the letters in your magazine or watching it in adult films. I'm kind of a big guy—no John Holmes, mind you—but my cock has got some girth to it. Whenever I've brought it up with women they've always demurred.

So I wondered if Ashley, a wee lass, would be amenable to having my cock in her ass. And what an ass! I've never considered myself an ass man, but hers changed my way of thinking. It's one those bubble-butts, with each cheek a perfect circle of succulent flesh. I spend a lot of time kissing, licking, and nibbling on those cheeks, so one night, while she was cooing with pleasure as my teeth grazed along her butt, I tentatively rubbed my finger over her asshole.

"Mmm, that feels nice," she moaned. I kept it up, and then slicked my index finger with saliva and eased it in her anus up to the first knuckle. She looked back at me and smiled. "Go ahead," she encouraged me, "you can finger-fuck my ass."

So I did, sawing in and out of her ass

"GO AHEAD," SHE ENCOURAGED ME, "YOU CAN FINGER-FUCK MY ASS."

while she rubbed her cunt. I had my finger all the way up her butt when she came. She squirmed and wriggled, but I kept my digit in place, loving the sensation of her orgasmic contractions as her snug passage quivered around me.

"That was wonderful," she said breathlessly before kissing me. Her eyes glittered with excitement, and I was mesmerized by what had just happened. I asked—as casually as I could—"So, have you ever had anything bigger than a finger up there?"

She laughed. "Oh yes, I've had anal sex before. Would you like to fuck my ass?"

I had an aching hard-on that spoke for me, but I said, "Absolutely!" to make sure she understood.

Ashley shifted her body so she was sitting cross-legged on the bed and talked to me while stroking my erection. "I have a rule for any guy who wants to bugger me," she said. "Have you ever been fucked in the ass?" The look on my face made her laugh again. "I didn't think so. Before any man has my ass, they have to know what it feels like." Then she flicked her finger against my prick. "Especially a man who has a cock this fat."

I must have still look puzzled because she continued, "I'm not asking you to get fucked with a real cock. I'll do the honors myself, if you'll let me." Now, I consider myself a modern thinker. I have no problem with men who like to get ass-fucked, but I never thought of myself as one of them. But images flashed through my mind—one of them was getting a chance to butt-fuck this sweet angel, and another was Ashley wearing a strap-on dildo, pointing it in my direction and ogling my ass.

"Okay," I said meekly.

I still had a roaring erection, and Ashley pushed me onto my back. She began sucking my balls and running her index finger along my ass crack. So far, so good, as I felt a jolt of electricity surge me through me. She crawled up on her knees so she could take me in her mouth, and then slid her spit-slickened finger into my asshole. It was strangely wonderful, and since I was enjoying a terrific blowjob at the same time, I let my defenses down and dismissed all preconceptions about such an invasion.

Ashley then introduced a second finger into my ass and hooked them both slightly, continuing her mesmerizing in-and-out motion, and I began to really feel good. Later, she told me that she was massaging my prostate, an act that made most men really enjoy anal penetration. All fine and dandy, as her manipulations, plus the mouth on my cock, made me come in fantastic fashion. I shot a salvo of jism between her lips, and she gulped it down and gave me a cat-that-ate-the-canary grin.

"So, did I pass the test?" I asked, basking in a post-orgasmic glow.

"That's only the first round," she said, patting me on the thigh. "Wait here."

Ashley went into her closet (we were at her place) and returned with a contraption that made my heart skip a beat. It was a dildo and harness. The straps were black but the dildo, which looked very large to me, was a bright pink cock.

She put it on while my mind was racing. Did I really want to have anal sex this badly? I could have called it off right then and there, but part of me was intrigued. The fingers in my ass had felt so great that maybe the toy would feel even better.

While buckling the harness around her hips, Ashley said calmly, "You're nice and open now. We'll give this a try, but if it hurts, let me know, and we'll stop. But just remember: if you want my ass, then I'm going to take yours."

I gulped and nodded agreement as she greased the dildo with a copious amount of lube. She got on the bed, kissed me on the lips, and then positioned herself between my legs. "Do you want it on your back or on all fours?"

I rolled over onto my knees, my face buried in the pillow. I wanted something to bite on in case it hurt. I had been challenged—if she could take it, so could I. I was going to go for this all the way.

I felt something cool rub against my

LETTERS

BOOTY TIME

asshole. She was applying lube to my opening and then slipped a few fingers inside to properly lubricate the chute. Then came the moment of decision. I felt the head of the dildo press against my anus. "Ready?" she asked, and I said, "Go ahead."

Wow! She slowly pushed the head of the dildo past my ring, which yielded to her gentle pressure. I held my breath—it burned at first, but then a wonderful warmth spread through me. This felt twice as good as the fingers inside me! As Ashley continued to ease the pink cock into my rectum, she asked, "Is it okay? Are you all right?" I grunted affirmatively, and then said, "More!"

She giggled and pushed into me further. At a certain point, I signaled her to stop so I could catch my breath. I was so excited I was close to hyperventilating. She pulled out gradually, and she oohed and aahed at how my anus stretched around the pretty pink intruder.

"Ready for me to fuck you properly?" she asked after giving me a couple minutes to compose myself. I stuck out my hand and raised my thumb. She grabbed my fist and held on as she once again inserted the dildo as far as I could take it. Then she slowly began to piston it and out of me. I thought my head was going to explode. This was one of the greatest feelings I had ever experienced.

"I SHOVED MY COCK INTO HER PUSSY, WHICH WAS SLICK WITH HER JUICES."

Things got even better when Ashley reached under me and began squeezing my balls. My cock was not hard, but it began to grow rapidly. When it had fully engorged, Ashley stroked my wood with the same rhythm that she fucked my ass.

After a few minutes of this delicious torture Ashley slapped me on the ass and told me roll over. "I want to see your face," she said, pulling her toy out of my hole. I was all for it. I got on my back and raised my legs in complete submission. She gripped each of my calves and hung on while she reinserted her cock and plundered my backdoor. She had a look of determination on her as she was now pounding into me. By this point my asshole had completely relaxed and I fully surrendered to my girlfriend. The initial discomfort had faded and the stretch of her cock was sublime. I focused on the new sensations and my cock was as hard as it had ever been.

When I was close to climaxing again, I told her and she stopped. She pulled out of me and said hoarsely, "I want you to come in my ass." Yes! I had passed the test, and with flying colors. She took off the strap-on and was now completely naked. She got on all fours beside me, and I climbed aboard. I shoved my cock into her pussy, which was slick with her juices. I used that as lube as I redirected the cock into her asshole.

"Oh yes, fuck my ass!" she shouted. I knew she had done this before, so I just let my fat boy slide right in. I got more than half inside, which made her wail with pleasure. "Keep going, fuck me!" she keened, so I did. She gripped the sheets in her fists, her hair matted against her face, as I took my prize.

The sensation of her ass gripping my cock was different than a pussy—not necessarily better, but enjoyable. It reminded me of one of those Chinese finger-torture toys, which grip tighter the harder you pull. When I pulled back, Ashley's anus gripped me as if a fist were wrapped around my cock.

Finally, the time had come for my release. I leaned back my head and let out a howl as I pumped semen into her gaping ass. It was my second ejaculation of the night, but it was just as powerful as my first. When I pulled out and collapsed, I watched intently as my load dribbled out of her asshole and down her thighs.

Needless to say, butt-fucking is now a part of our sexual menu. Sometimes she gets it in the end, and sometimes I do. We're in a 50-50 relationship.

–T.K., Tallahassee, Florida

If "getting there" is half the fun, isn't it twice as much fun when you enter the backdoor? If you have an anal adventure to share, write to us! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department BT, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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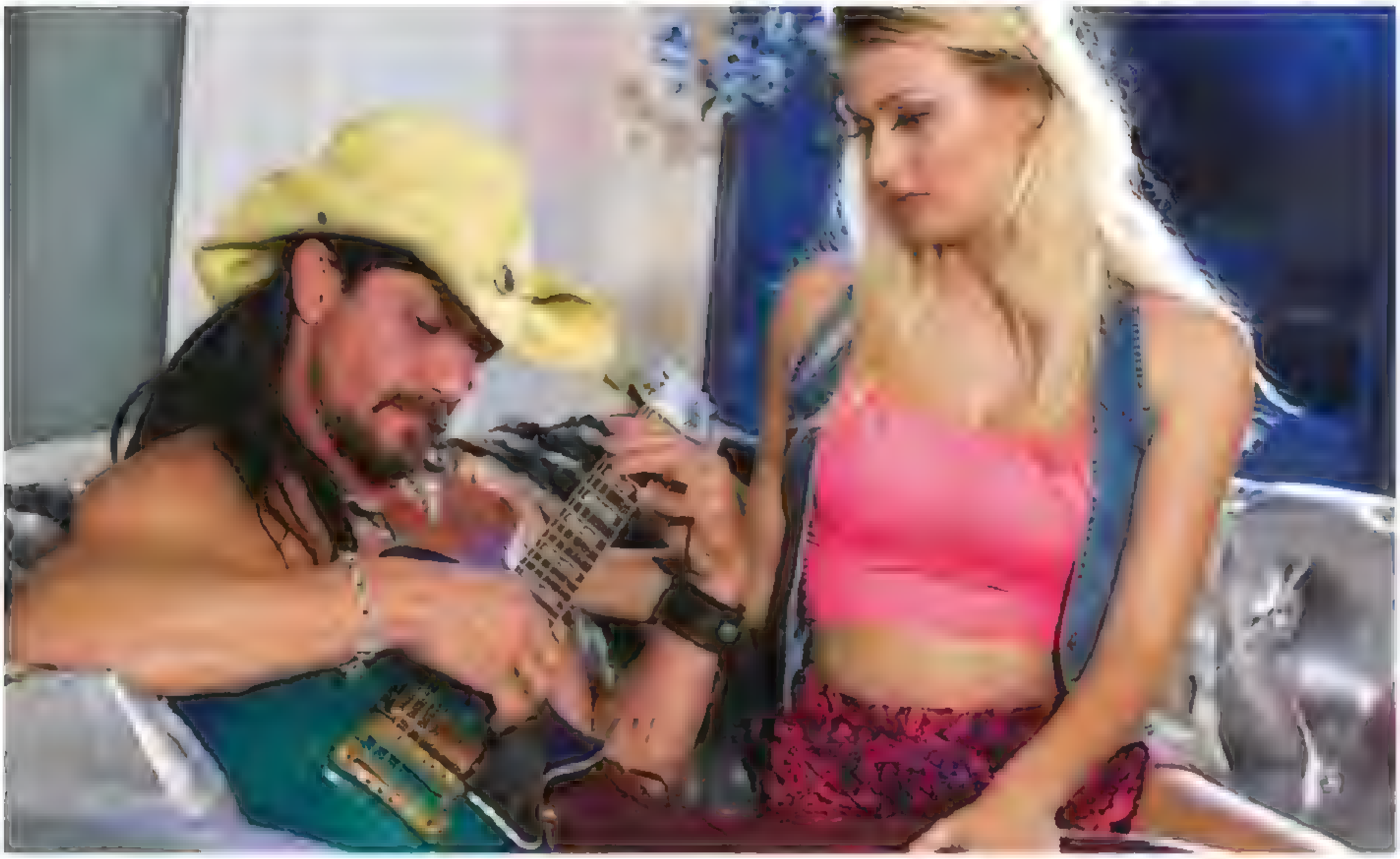

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NATALIA & TOMMY

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"A HARD COCK POUNDING MY PUSSY MAKES ME SING!"

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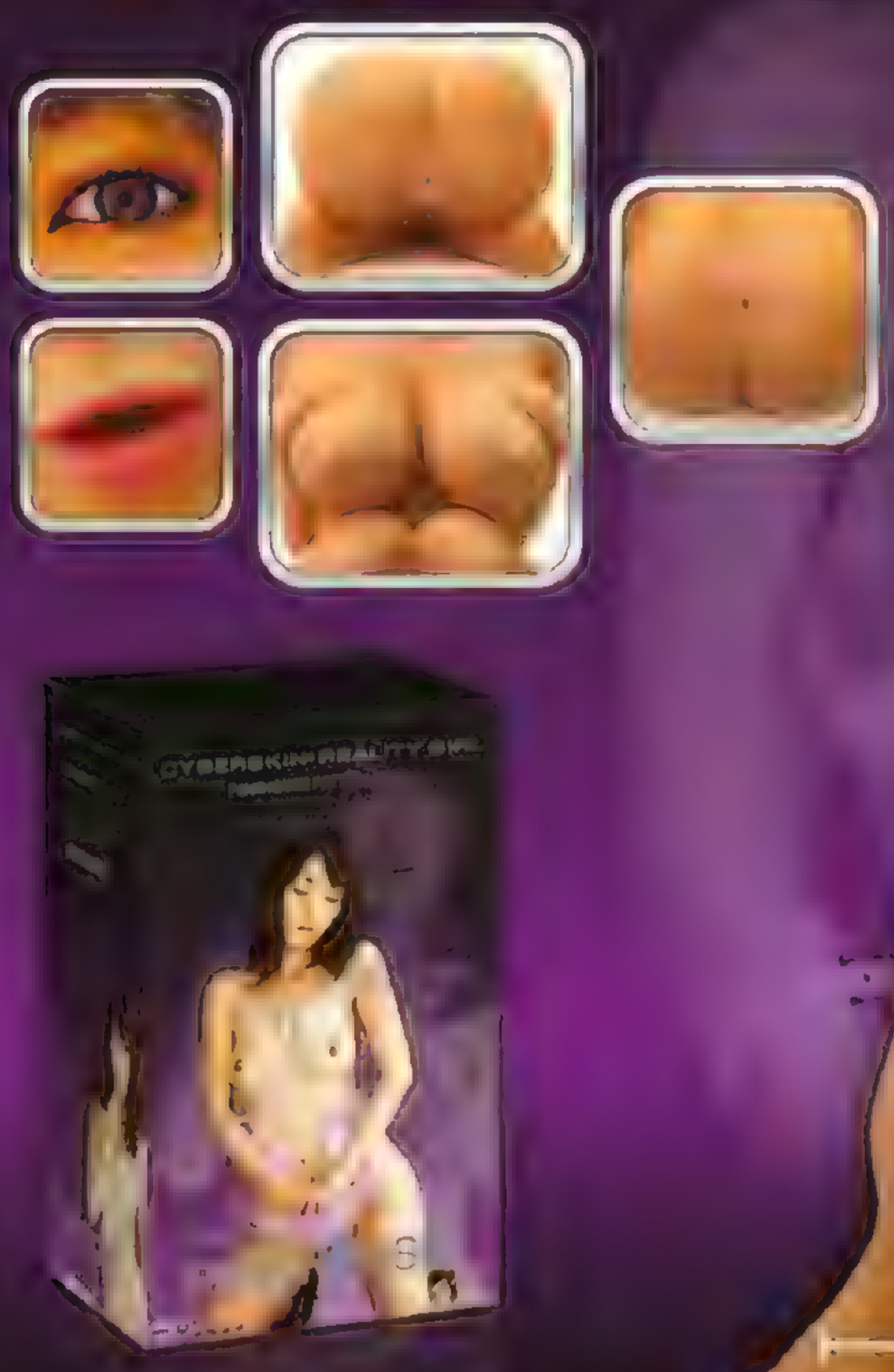

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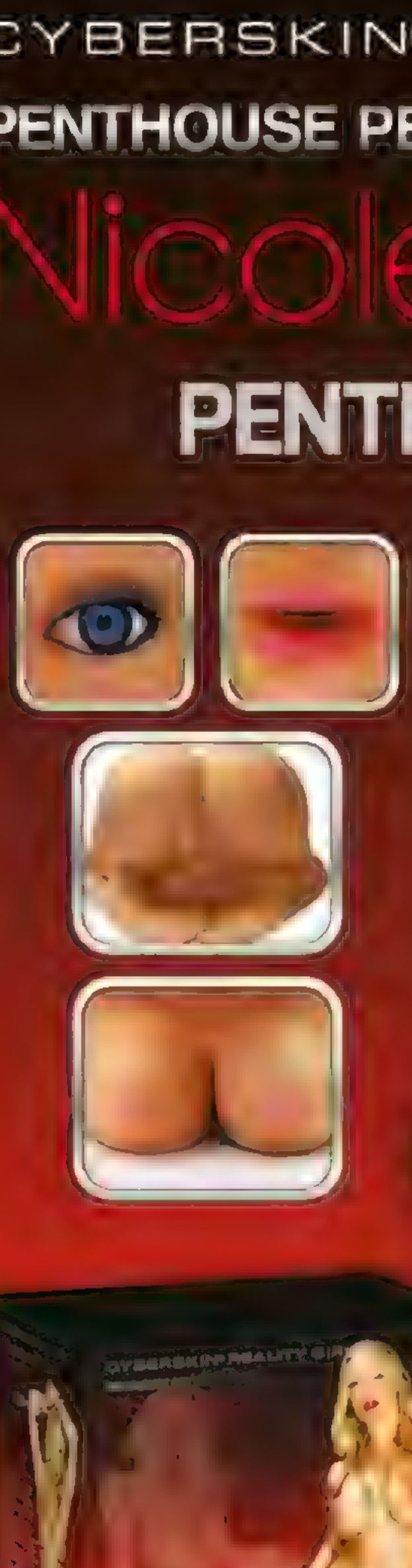

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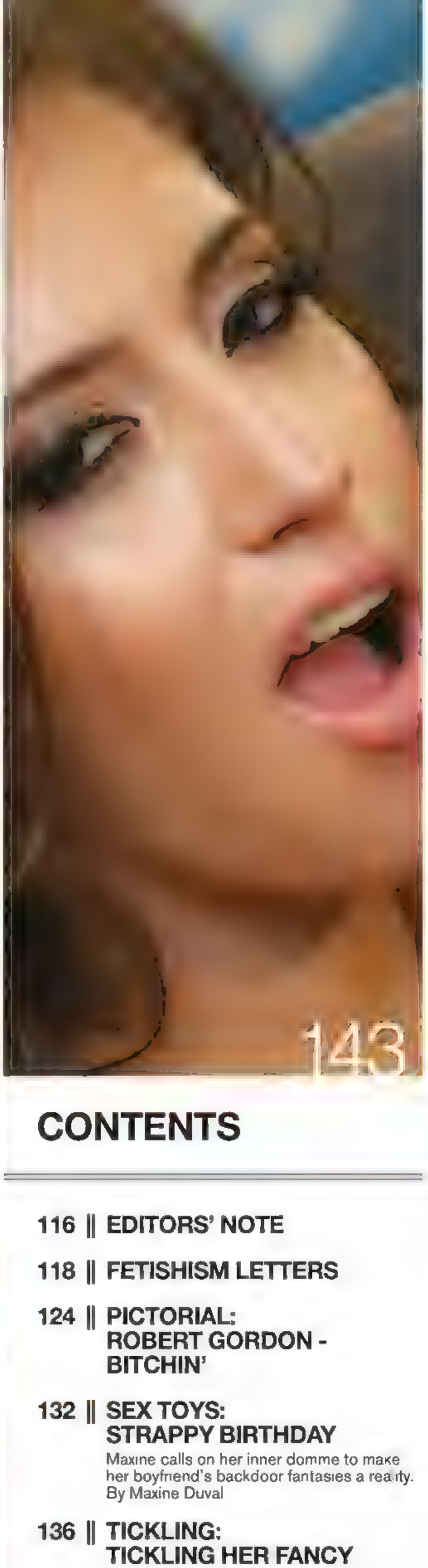

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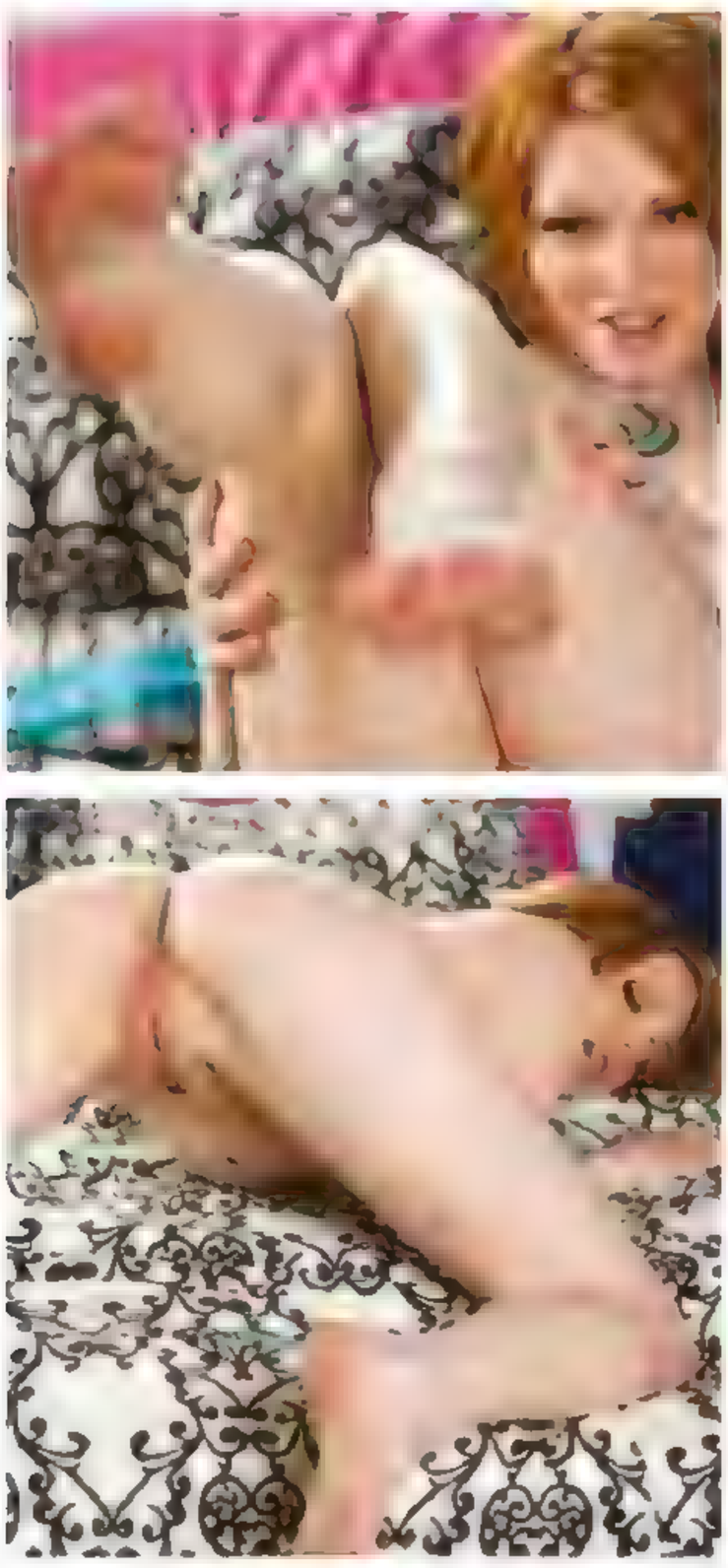
VARIATIONS

EDITORS' NOTE

This installment of *Penthouse Variations* gives you a chance to indulge in a host of secret fetishes. A trio of lusty letters kicks off the journey, recounting a summer-themed barefoot sexcapade, lusty lesbians with a passion for patent leather, and two like-minded "sole" mates who find they're the perfect pair.

Maxine Duval continues the wicked journey with her ode to anal sex in "Strappy Birthday," in which she makes her boyfriend's pegging fantasy a reality. Josie Williams explores how the addition of bondage can make tickling games even more deviant and delightful. And last but not least, Wide World of Variations reveals the confessions of dominants and submissives as they enjoy their favorite kinks, which might very well be yours, too!

–The Editors



WHEN THE HUNGER FOR ORGASMIC RELEASE MEETS THE UNDENIABLE LONGING FOR EROTIC PUNISHMENT, THE RESULTS ARE BOUND TO PLEASE.

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BARE FEET & BIKINIS

For foot fetishists—of which I am one—summer is the perfect season. There are so many reasons to go without shoes, so many places for bare toes and soles. The beach. The backyard. Poolside. A garden barbeque. Summer is my dream-come-true time of year. Sadly, when the weather changes, when the winter comes, opportunities grow scarce. At least, they always had in the past. Then I met Julia, my girlfriend, and told her exactly what turns me on the most.

"Just bare feet?" she asked me.

"Bare feet," I agreed, nodding. "Minus the 'just.' Bare feet turn me on."

We were in bed while we spoke, and Julia raised one leg in the air and wiggled her toes at me. "So that turns you on?" She seemed completely charmed by the concept.

"Oh, yes," I said. "Especially with a pretty pedicure like yours. I don't care about the color. Blue. Pink. Red-and-white stripes. But I love the glossy look."

I grabbed her foot and moved to gently bring her toes to my lips. She sighed as I licked each one, and I could see from the glaze in her eyes that she was starting to understand why having a foot fetish could be a good thing.

All summer long, she let me make love to her feet. She cradled my dick between the soles of her bare size-7 narrows and milked me with gentle jerks. Every pair of shoes she wore from May to September seemed to have my name written on the sole. She indulged in pedicure after pedicure, and her feet were always soft to the touch, her nails always matching her outfits. The two of us worked together with mutually explosive results.

And then fall hit.

Julia lasted as long as she could. I'll give her credit for that. But ultimately, the change in temperature made open-toed shoes a thing of the past. There's no call for flip-flops in October, no reason to wear gladiator flats when snow's in the forecast. I said a sad so long to her sandals, and I looked forward to next summer.

Fortunately, I didn't have to wait that long. I suppose, knowing Julia, I shouldn't have been surprised when I walked home one wintry November to find sand in the foyer. Golden, shimmery, tiny sparkles of sand, trailed in a path along the hardwood floor, all the way down the hall to the bedroom. It wasn't only sand that awaited me. It was that smell of the beach—the salt in the air, the suntan lotion. What strange occurrence was this? I followed the scent, breathing in deeply the whole way and wondering what I would find when I reached the end.

I should have known.

I ought to have guessed.

There she was. There she stood. Not naked—because naked would have been too simple, and Julia—my beautiful Julia—is complex to her molten core. She was wearing a bright pink polka-dot bikini. Her long dark hair was up in a messy bun. The heater was on. She had created a beach nirvana for us. There was an inflatable float on the floor. Beach balls in a basket. Terry-cloth towels on the bed. And Julia, all slicked up with suntan oil, gleaming in her gorgeousness.

"I LICKED AND SUCKED HER TOES ONE BY ONE INTO MY MOUTH."

I took a moment to really admire her effort. She had brought the summer to our small apartment, as if she had the power of the ancients within her. I saw the bronze gleam on her cheekbones, the hothouse flowers tucked into her hair. Then I saw her feet. Her toes were painted show-stopping fire-engine red. I wanted to kiss each one, wanted to lift her in my arms and spread her on a blanket in the sand. I sucked in my breath and won that whiff of summer. Summer in November! I grinned and lunged. She put up a hand to stop me, then pointed toward the corner of the bed. There were my board shorts. I barked a laugh. Julia turned and pressed a button on the stereo. Beach music bombarded us. I took off my work gear and pulled on the Hawaiian-print shorts.

They were instantly tented by my erection.

"It was such a bleak day," she explained as she came into my arms. "The slush and the gray sky. I missed June like you wouldn't believe. So I went to the salon." She used one foot to trace up the inside of my thigh. "And I got a pedicure." I lifted her in my arms and carried her to the bed, then set her on the blue terry towel and grabbed her feet. I admired the expertly polished toes while she continued her tale. As she spoke, I caressed the contours of her feet, brushing away the grains of sand that clung to her perfect peds.

"That just got me started," she said. "I decided I'd wear my bikini for you. But a bikini in November felt so out of place. I needed a bit of summer, to bring the summer home. So I went and bought a bag of sand…"

As she explained the amount of trouble she'd gone to create this exhilarating scenario for the two of us, I started to make love to her toes. I licked her ankle first, then traced the delicate arc of her arch. I palmed her heel in both of my hands, and I brought her right foot to my mouth. As I kissed the tips of her toes, she used her left foot to stroke my boner through my board shorts.

On the most mundane of days, Julia's feet thrill me. I worship them in sandals. I miss them in boots. I crave them padding bare down our hall. But that day, surrounded by summer in winter, was something too spectacular to fathom. As Julia ran one foot up and down my erection, I licked and sucked her toes one by one into my mouth. She squealed and squirmed at the sensation. My girl and I have desires that intermingle and overlap. Everything I love to do to her feet, every ounce of the attention I bestow on her ten toes, delights Julia like nothing else.

As I rounded my tongue to tickle her pinkie toe, I knew that her pussy was growing wetter by the second. In fact, I thought I caught a whiff of the ambrosia of her pussy juice even over the aromatic scent of the suntan oil she'd spread over her long limbs.

I swapped feet then, working to make sure I divided my attention evenly. Julia started to touch herself through her bikini bottom, as if she couldn't wait, as if there was nothing she could do to keep from strumming her fingertips over her hidden pussy lips.

Pausing in my adoration of her feet, I leaned

forward and tugged her bikini briefs to the right. Then I placed my tongue at her core and sopped up some sweet wetness. Julia went wild, thrashing on the bed while I orally worshipped her snatch. I didn't get her off. Not yet. I wanted to make her wait. Yet I raised the stakes by plunging my tongue into her slippery depths.

At least, I didn't plan on letting her come, but Julia had her own agenda. She gripped me with her thighs and raised her hips off the bed. She started to shout out my name as the orgasm broke in her like waves hitting the ocean shore. "Oh, fuck, Tim. Tongue me like that! Lick me…just like that!"

Then she nearly swooned back against the towel-strewn bed, and I was left to look at her with nectar-glossed lips, my tongue tripping from the heady taste of her very essence.

Thankfully, she hadn't forgotten about what I like best. She brought her feet up for me to continue admiring. I stroked them. I petted them. I spent as much time as I could until my cock started to demand attention of its own. Sensing my dilemma, Julia pulled off her bikini and spread herself open for me. She put her legs in the air with her knees bent, so I was able to fuck her while touching her feet, while turning my head from side to side to kiss each one.

I came as she had, with the pleasure crashing all around me. And as snow started to fall outside, I thanked the heavens for my wildly creative girlfriend, who'd brought a slice of summer home to me.

–T.V., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

PATENTLY SEXY

I possess a passion for patent leather. Perhaps the word "passion" isn't even strong enough to describe the love affair I maintain with this shiny type of material. My closet overflows with jackets, pants, and skirts in a rainbow of colors, all slippery to the touch. Usually, I save those special clothes for weekends. My office co-drones would not necessarily understand or appreciate the way my heart flutters for such shiny garments.

But sometimes the world plays tricks on you. Sometimes the universe seems to laugh at your desires. Today—while I was dressed in an office-appropriate suit made of office-appropriate material—wherever I looked, I

VARIATIONS

FETISHISM

"I'M A FANATIC. PATENT LEATHER TURNS ME ON—A LOT."

spied patent leather. It was as if the world had decided to play a cruel kinky joke on me.

The truth is that I'm not simply a fan. I'm a fanatic. Patent leather turns me on—a lot. At lunch, walking past the store windows was a nightmare. On display was a pair of thigh-high boots made of patent leather. Around the corner, a different boutique showcased a patent-leather purse. Even on the covers of fashion magazines, patent leather was clearly the new black. And black patent leather? That seemed to be the new-new black.

On the subway home, the woman across from me crossed her legs and I saw the patent leather boots flash beneath the hem of her long coat.

Damn. Double damn. I was the crazy girl on the subway trying not to drool. Even that thought was hurting my head. Because I wanted to lick my way up one boot and down the other.

I couldn't wait to get home. To my own closet of wonders. It took all of my willpower to make it there in a respectful manner. Once inside my place, it was a whole different story. My girlfriend was already home, and she was cooking dinner in the kitchen, oblivious to my needs. I gave her a cursory kiss and then hurried to my mission: head-to-toe transformation. Off went the dull business suit. On went the patent-leather bustier. Off came the loafers, the slacks, the hose. On went the tight-fitting, form-caressing skirt with the zip up one side and chrome buckles on the other.

Sonia entered the room while I was zipping into my own special boots.

"What have we here?" she asked, tilting her head in that way she does, taking in the change I'd made since walking through our front door.

"We have me," I said, spinning so she could catch every glossy angle.

"Oh, yes, we do." She came forward, and I held my breath. She clearly sensed what I needed. We've been together long enough for her to understand, for her to not only accept but encourage my desires. Her palms stroked me through the glistening fabric. I groaned and felt my body begin to relax. It was happening. It was going to happen. I was going to get off in my gear, and Sonia was going to help.

She kissed me and led me to the bed, then had me make myself comfortable on my back. "You look like a present waiting to be unwrapped," she said. "But I'm not going to unwrap you. I'm going to touch you all over, stroke you, feel you. As if I'm trying to guess what my present contains."

Oh, yes, her lovely words were working for me, as they always do. Sonia knows that I don't need to be naked, don't want to be naked. The best sexy thing for me is to be dressed in some form of patent leather and have her make love to me while I'm all tricked up. The loveliest part is that Sonia appreciates this fetish of mine. Although when we first got together, she didn't fully understand the breadth of my desires. Now that she does, she flames them, fans them, ignites every last one.

While I lay there, floating, Sonia rubbed me and touched me. An orgasm built deep within me. I felt myself gaining on the pleasure. I'd been in a tormented state all day. Now, I was going to get mine.

With a flick of her wrist, she unzipped me.

My heart sank. Were we done? Was our encounter over? I shouldn't be so greedy, I decided. Maybe Sonia wanted to do something else. Maybe she had her own fetish to share. And then she went to my closet and pulled out my patent leather catsuit. "Why don't you squirm into this?" she offered. "It's all I've thought about today, I swear. It's like the universe was tempting me. Patent leather in every store window. Patent leather on every stranger. On the subway, even."

I grinned to myself as I slid into the catsuit, pleased to be united with another member of the tribe of patent-leather lust. We stroked one another and squirmed together on the bed until the intensity became too much to bear. My pussy was dripping wet, and my girlfriend knew it. She unzipped my suit, keeping the garment on my quivering limbs but giving her access to my snatch. Now nude, Sonia positioned herself on top of me in a sexy 69, rubbing her naked body against my patent leather-clad form as we went to work on each other's slits. Hearing the creaking sound of the material as we writhed turned me on even more. I ground my pussy against my girlfriend's face as I worked my tongue along her seam in a sexual frenzy.

Fueled by our mutual desire, we brought each other to the brink and then fell over. Our orgasmic cries were muffled and distorted by the wet pussies at our lips, but we continued pleasuring each other until our climaxes had decimated us, knowing that our night was only beginning.

–M.R., New York, New York

"SOLE" MATES

Friends have told me that they knew their mate was the one for them for various reasons. "She had such a beautiful smile," said a coworker. "He was always offering to help me out. Help me move. Pick me up from the airport," said my college roommate. What laced me to Tommy? Although I'm sure he would have picked me up from the airport had I ever needed a lift and I do adore his smile, our love was built from the ground level up.

See, it was shoes.

Specifically, my shoes.

I've always possessed quite a shoe collection. I enjoy matching the perfect pair to every outfit, and I take my time to do so. While women often give me props for my fabulous footwear, most men haven't ever seemed to take much notice. Not until Tommy.

He started out by complimenting me whenever I wore a fancy pair of heels. "Love those shoes, Sheila," he'd say when he passed me in the hall. There wasn't anything untoward about the comments, nothing overtly flirtatious. He simply seemed to be a fan of my fierce footwear. I began to look forward to seeing his reaction to my various choices. Then I started to take note. I work with numbers, and I began to recognize a pattern.

Yes, he seemed to like all heels. But some heels won more oohs than others. And while he never let a pair of spectator pumps go by without an affectionate nod, all red shoes won a more elated reaction. I paid attention. Was it any red shoe? The loafers received a small smile, but the scarlet snake-print boots made his eyes seem to glow. He definitely liked those the best.

I began to imagine that he was in the room with me whenever I got dressed. Would Tommy like these shoes or those ones? Would he think the zippers on the ankle-high leopard-print booties were as sexy as I did? Or was he more of a buckle-me-up man?

My imagination started taking detailed detours. I no longer simply pictured Tommy offering me fashion advice. I actually began to think about him fucking me while I had on my different pairs of shoes. Would my slingbacks make him want to do me from behind? Would my classic cowboy boots create a desire in him for reverse cowgirl?

Finally, I decided to make the first move. I know a traditional date might begin at the movies or possibly with drinks or dinner. But I didn't want to waste my time. I decided to ask Tommy to go with me to a sale at my favorite shoe store. By this point, I knew I could count on him to let me know what he thought worked best. However, on my way to his office, I worried a little. What if discussing my shoes was his way of making small talk? What if he had no real interest in footwear, but was only tired of discussing the weather?

Then I remembered the way he'd momentarily lose his ability to speak when I'd worn the purple suede boots with the studded heels. Taking a stand, I stomped on those fears and came right out in the open with my desires. I said, "Tommy, there's a sale at a store around the corner from here. A shoe sale. And I was wondering if you might…"

"I might," he said before I had to continue. "I mean, I do. I would love to. I'd love to come."

He looked aghast at what he'd said, embarrassed at his exuberant reaction, but excited nonetheless. I was extremely relieved, and we settled on a time after work, and I

VARIATIONS

FETISHISM

returned to my desk. He was as jittery as I was, I realized. We were similar in so many ways. We matched.

When we met after work at the shoe store, we wa ked slowly around the first display. As we talked, we grew more comfortable with each other. I'd hold up a shoe, and he'd nod or shake his head. He'd lead me to one that he liked, and I'd do the same. The truth was there weren't many that we didn't agree on. Suddenly, he led me to a pair of boots.

"These are the best," he said. "Out of all of them. Don't you think?"

I nodded. I'd been right! Boots were Tommy's ultimate. These had a heel and a silver zipper. They hugged the calf becomingly and reached almost to the knee.

"What color?" I asked, indicating the rainbow of choices. I knew which ones I liked the best. I wondered if we'd agree here, as well. I almost held my breath.

Tommy chose cherry-red; he was definitely a man after my own heart.

I modeled the pair for him, thinking that we'd work our way through the remaining aisles together. Tommy didn't look as if he'd last more than another box. His voice had grown more gruff. He seemed a little hot under his casual Friday façade.

I paid for my purchase, and outside the store I asked him if he'd like to go home with me. He was hailing us a cab almost before I'd finished speaking. On the ride, he told me

"I COULD FEEL HIM STARING AT THEM WHILE HE FUCKED ME."

exactly what my shoes did to him. "I hear the clicking," he said, "of your special stride."

"I have a stride?"

"You have a beautiful stride."

I hadn't known that. "Tell me more," I said, and I pulled my new boots out of the bag while he spoke. The scent of the leather wafted over the two of us. I stroked one boot. He stroked the other. We looked at each other. Thank goodness I live only a few miles from the store because I think we might have combusted if we had to wait any longer than we did.

When we got to my place, he didn't even have to say what he wanted. I took off the high heels I'd worn to work and replaced them with my exotic new footwear. Tommy practically growled the words he said next: "I have to fuck you while you wear those boots."

We made it as far as the living room. Tommy bent me over the couch to start, and he pulled up my dress and lowered my panties. I kept the boots on, of course, and I thought I could feel him staring at them while he fucked me. But I wanted more. I wanted to see the appreciation in his eyes. "Take off your clothes," I insisted. As he undressed, I did the same, leaving on only my thigh-high stockings and boots. I moved us so that he was on his back on the rug, and then I settled myself astride him. I pushed up and down on his cock while he told me all about his shoe fetish, one that had always been rumbling around inside him, but one that I'd apparently kick-started into full drive.

"There was this pair," he said. "You wore them last spring. Turquoise high heels. They made the most erotic sound when you walked down the hall, I had to look out and see. Then as soon as I caught sight of those beauties, well, I wanted more."

I knew exactly the shoes he was ta king about. They'd had the same powerful effect on me. At least, almost.

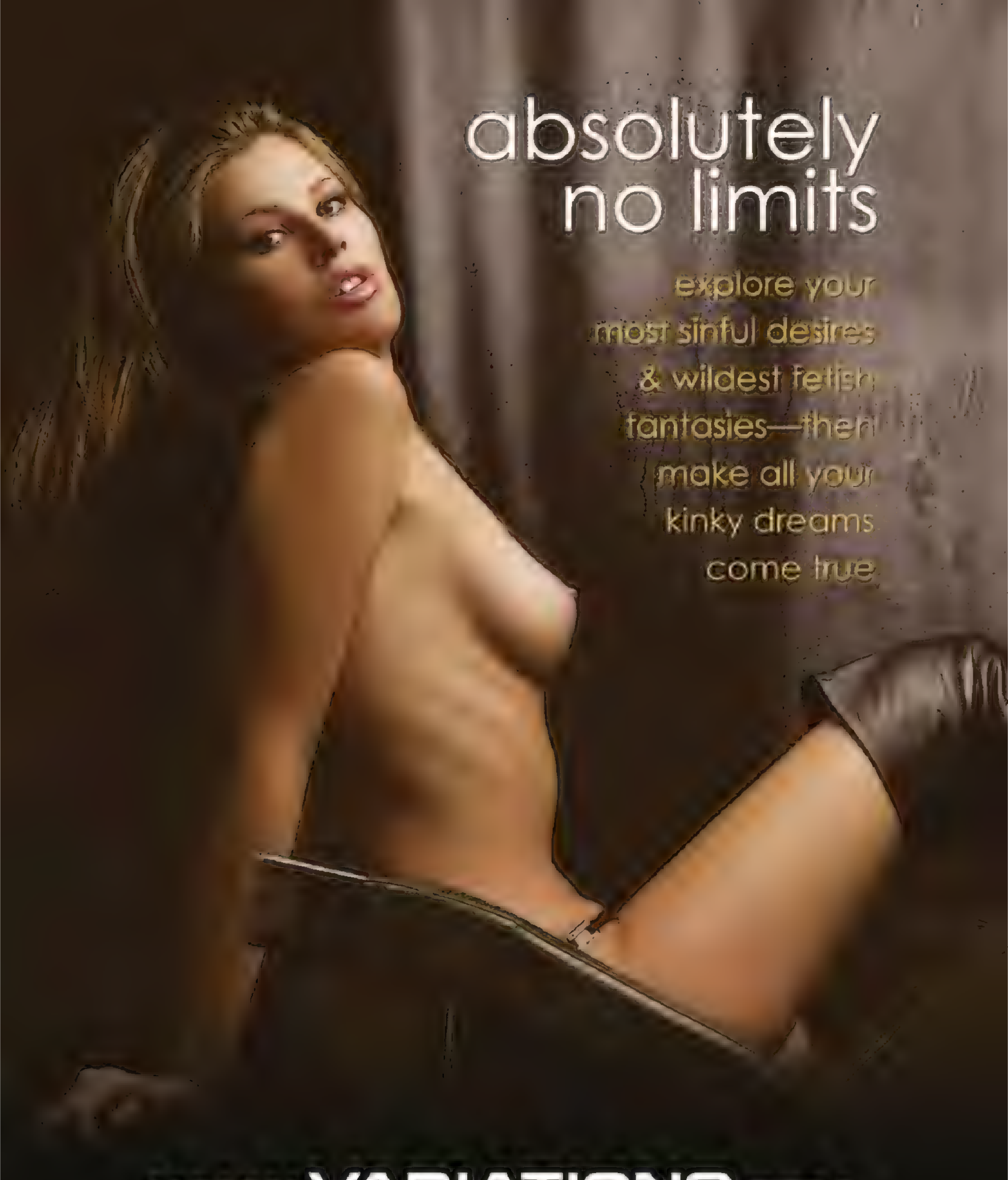
"I jacked off that night, thinking about you wearing those shoes. And the next day, I wondered what pair you'd have on. It kind of grew, that desire, the yearning to see your shoes and to see you…"

All the while I'd been fantasizing about him doing me while I had on my various shoes. Finally, the two of us had gotten together outside of fantasies–lined ourselves up in real life. He fucked me while I was in my new boots, and nothing had ever felt so perfect. Like we were destined to be with each other.

So when friends asked at our wedding how the two of us got together, I said simply and with total honesty, "We were"–I lifted my dress to show off the red boots beneath–"sole mates."

–S.G., Boston, Massachusetts

Some admire the sleek beauty of a leg encased in nylon or the delicate arch of a dainty female foot. Others get a charge from a well-placed tattoo, and some simply have a passion for panties. What fans your fetish fire? Tell us all about it. Send your letter to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or e-mail it to: letters@penthouse.com.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BITCHIN'

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A PAIR OF PRETTY MAIDS TO MAKE A DOMME'S DAY—AND NIGHT.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT GORDON

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STRAPPY BIRTHDAY

Maxine calls on her inner domme to make her boyfriend's backdoor fantasies a reality.

By Maxine Duval

"Make a wish!" guests cried out when the birthday cake arrived. The flickering candles created the number 35 right in the center.

Kent took a deep breath and then let it loose. The candles wavered and went out. My boyfriend's got lungs on him.

"I wonder what he wished for," Susan whispered to me.

I thought I knew, but I bit my tongue. No need to share Kent's fetishes with his coworkers. Anyway, you usually don't share wishes. But I knew in my heart that one particular desire of his was going to come true before Kent turned 35-and-a-day.

There were so many presents on the table at the end of the party that my man couldn't keep track of them. I helped him haul the loot to our apartment, and it was easy to add a secret present to the mix.

"I can believe it's my 35th," he said as I helped him lug the boxes and bags. "People went a little over the top."

"Nothing wrong with presents," I said. He'd received a baseball jersey with his last name and favorite number, a lava lamp from a nostalgic friend, and assorted gear for his various sporty activities. As I set my own armful down, he asked, "What's that?"

On the top of the pile was one last unopened gift. The box was wrapped in shiny silver paper and tied with a black velvet bow.

"Oh, that," I said coyly. "Well, that one's from me. I thought you'd want to open it privately."

"Baby, you didn't have to get me anything else. The party was enough. More than enough." Even as he said the words, his brown eyes lit up. My presents to Kent are generally sexy, and he would know I hadn't given him the gift in front of his friends for a reason.

Yes, I'd planned the shindig at our local hangout, invited all of Kent's nearest and dearest. Now, I wanted to get a little nearer to my dear…nearer to his rear, in fact.

I could feel myself growing excited–well, more excited. All evening I'd been on edge, happy that Kent was enjoying his party, but growing more desperate by the minute to wrap up the event and move on to our own private unwrapping celebration. I shifted my weight from one high heel to the other, as antsy as if the present was for me instead of him. In a way, it was.

"Do I open it now?" he asked, shaking the box. I'd nestled the contents in layers of pink tissue paper. I didn't think he could guess from the muffled sound what the box contained.

"You better," I said. "If you don't, I will."

He shot me a curious look, then sat down on the sofa and tore off the shimmery paper. Would he like what I'd selected? I'd gone to some work to purchase an item I felt was perfect. He'd told me once about his most treasured fantasy, but that had been a long time ago. The erotic confession had taken place during one of those moments of utter nakedness. In fact, we had been naked, the two of us in bed together, sweaty and sticky from what we'd just done. He'd fucked my ass that night, and I'd been in a state of swooning bliss. We were both thoroughly relaxed, speaking with no filters. I was still damp all over and limp with sweet satisfaction when he'd told me what he really wanted was to experience the same thing, to be fucked up the ass. By me. With a strap-on.

"PLEASE ME WITH YOUR TONGUE. GIVE ME THE BEST ORGASM I'VE EVER HAD."

It had been one of those hushed conversations that occur between partners in the wee hours. I wasn't sure how he'd actually receive the gift in the bright lights of our living room. How he'd react…

"Oh, fuck," he said, and I looked at his face. His eyes were wide. He bit his lower lip and looked back in the box. Inside, nestled within the abundant pink tissue, lay a black harness and a long blue strap-on dildo.

Oh, yeah–and a bottle of lube.

He didn't say, "You shouldn't have," the way people do sometimes when they receive an unwanted gift. He didn't say, "I didn't mean those things I told you." He said, "Oh, fuck," again, and I saw that his hands were trembling ever so slightly. Kent's a big, tough guy, but he was obviously a little nervous about what we were going to do. Then he shifted on the sofa, shifted as if his growing hard-on was making sitting a little awkward. I took that as a sign that he was excited, which pleased me. I'd been lit up all evening, and I hadn't been able to let him in on my secret. Through the dinner and what felt to me like endless toasts, through the cutting of the cake, the only thing I'd been able to think of was the two of us–playing in this way.

Yes, we'd done anal before, with me as the ready and willing receptor. And yes, I'd teased his asshole with my fingers every so often, and once or twice with my tongue, a sensation which he seemed to adore. We'd watched videos–dirty, sexy videos–in which sultry-looking women took charge of their men's pleasure by traveling through their back channels with a variety of toys. But this was different–totally different. We were about to head into uncharted territory.

"You wouldn't mind," he stammered. "I mean, you'd be fine…"

"Strip," I said, and Kent gave me this look that let me know we weren't only on the same page of the same book, we were on the same line. In fact, I think we were on the same word. "Strip," I repeated, and there was a sudden strength to my tone that I almost didn't recognize. "Strip for me, baby. Strip all the way down to your…" Need I say it? Dare I say it?

I did. I dared. "Strip all the way down to your birthday suit," I commanded.

Kent blushed. I beamed.

He stood and unfastened the buttons on the black shirt he was wearing. Then he undid his belt, lost his shoes, his socks, and his dark indigo jeans. In what felt like a heartbeat, a mere blip of time, he was as naked as I'd asked. Naked and awaiting my next instruction. I liked the way this felt. I was in charge; Kent wanted me to be in charge. I put my shoulders back and strode forward. Even though the gift was for Kent—it might as well have had his name written on the side—I was the one who was going to use it. Use it on him. In him.

But not here.

"Let's go to the bedroom," I said. My voice had a kind of hushed elegance to it. I'd never heard myself sound so domineering before. I wondered what Kent thought of the new me. Then I looked between his legs and won my answer. He was as hard as wood, his lovely dick dripping a beautiful dollop of pre-come. I would have smiled, but I felt that showing my appreciation at this point wasn't the way the new me should behave. Instead, I curtly nodded, and I waited to see what would happen.

Kent started to walk to the bedroom.

That made sense, as I'd just told him to do so. Except, I hadn't. Not really. I'd said, "Let's go to the bedroom." Did he think that I meant as equals? I smacked him once on his gorgeous ass, and he understood immediately. To my delight, he dropped to his hands and knees and crawled the rest of the way to the master bedroom.

Hmmm. That was a misnomer. Tonight, it was going to be the Mistress's Bedroom. But I didn't think Kent needed the reminder. He crawled all the way into our room and then looked up at me, obviously waiting for my next instruction. I took my time, deciding exactly how I wanted to begin—since I knew deep in my heart exactly how we were going to end. In his end. To start, however, I realized I wanted him to show me some appreciation, the type of appreciation proper for a sub to show his domme.

"Kiss my feet," I said.

Kent didn't hesitate for a second. He came to my side and began to kiss my toes, even lick them. I was glad I'd worn my red patent-leather shoes, the ones with spiked heels and peep toes. While he worshipped my feet, I wondered why we had never done something like this before. It seemed so totally natural to have him bestowing kisses upon my tootsies. He looked perfect in his supplicant position. I felt desire welling inside me. I wanted to make him do more.

"Undress me," I said next.

He had me move to the bed, and I sat on the edge while he removed my shoes. Then he undid the row of tiny buttons on my dress and pulled the jersey from my body. I was in a matching bra-and-panty set—black with red hearts. He unfastened the clasp of my bra and reverently removed the scrap of fabric, revealing my small, firm tits. The panties came off last. He pulled them down my slim thighs and over my knees, and then he hesitated and breathed in deep.

I was so turned on. Could he smell the delicate aroma of my pussy? That scent definitely gave my arousal away. I wondered if he would take an action I hadn't approved. Then I wondered what my own reaction would be. I was bordering on desperate to feel his tongue between my legs. Yet even though we'd never played like this before, I sensed that he knew better than to lick me without my permission.

The panties continued downward. Over my shins, over my ankles, and off totally. That's when Kent broke and gave in to his own desires. He brought my knickers to his face and breathed in deeply. I was on him in an instant. "There will be none of that!" I barked. "You're taking orders from me tonight. You don't get to choose."

He dropped the panties with a sheepish look on his face. I had to bite the insides of my

cheeks to keep myself from smiling.

"Show me how much you want to feel my cock in your ass," I instructed. "Please me with your tongue. Give me the best orgasm I've ever had. If you do a good job, I promise that I'll give you what you most crave. If not…"

I let the threat hang in the air. He could fill in that blank himself. I was fairly sure that simply the idea of not getting what he wanted would keep my man in line.

Kent wasted no time moving me back on the bed and situating himself between my legs. I had instant thoughts of the future. I'd go back to the toy store and buy more items for us to play with. Maybe a nice fat butt plug for his ass. Then, when he licked my split, I could reach down and twirl the base of the toy so he'd feel the pressure spiral inside him. My cunt contracted. Maybe we'd get matching butt plugs, and we'd wear them at the same time. I felt the pleasure building. Kent's tongue is always a treat. He knows how to make all the special designs and patterns I crave. Tonight was something else. He had one hand in place, strumming along my outer petals, while his lips created a ring around my clit and he applied the most delicious amount of pressure.

It didn't take very long for me to feel the climax building inside me to a bursting point. "I'm going to come," I announced with a deep, passionate sigh. "Oh, Jesus, Kent. Your tongue is so good!"

He didn't stop, but he made a soft noise against me. Had he said "thank you"? I didn't know, couldn't tell, but the added throb of the vibration against me sent me fully over the edge. I started to quake, coming hard, pressing my box to his face and shifting my hips to make sure his lips and cheeks were all glossy with the evidence of my pleasure. Kent stayed with me until my orgasm had completely subsided. Then he settled back on the edge of the mattress and looked at me with unbridled yearning in his eyes. I knew what he wanted. He knew what he wanted. And he knew better than to ask. *Good boy,* I thought to myself as I stood and retrieved the harness and dildo. *Good, sweet, well-behaved boy.*

"IT'S TIME FOR YOUR REAL BIRTHDAY PRESENT, GET THE LUBE."

"It's time for your real birthday present," I announced. "Get the lube."

I'd never said those words before. I liked the way they sounded. Kent almost leaped to where I'd left the lube. He thrust the bottle into my hand. I couldn't help myself now. I smiled at him. He was so damn eager, so willing to please. We were going to have fun. I could sense it.

It was now my turn to fully slip into my character. This evening, without a doubt, I was top dog. While Kent watched with hungry, hungry eyes, I lifted the harness and attached the device. I'd manhandled the thing at the sex toy store, but I'd never actually fastened all the intricate buckles before. I instantly adored the way the harness hugged me, the way the dildo hung–or, rather, sprung–from between my legs as if it were an actual cock.

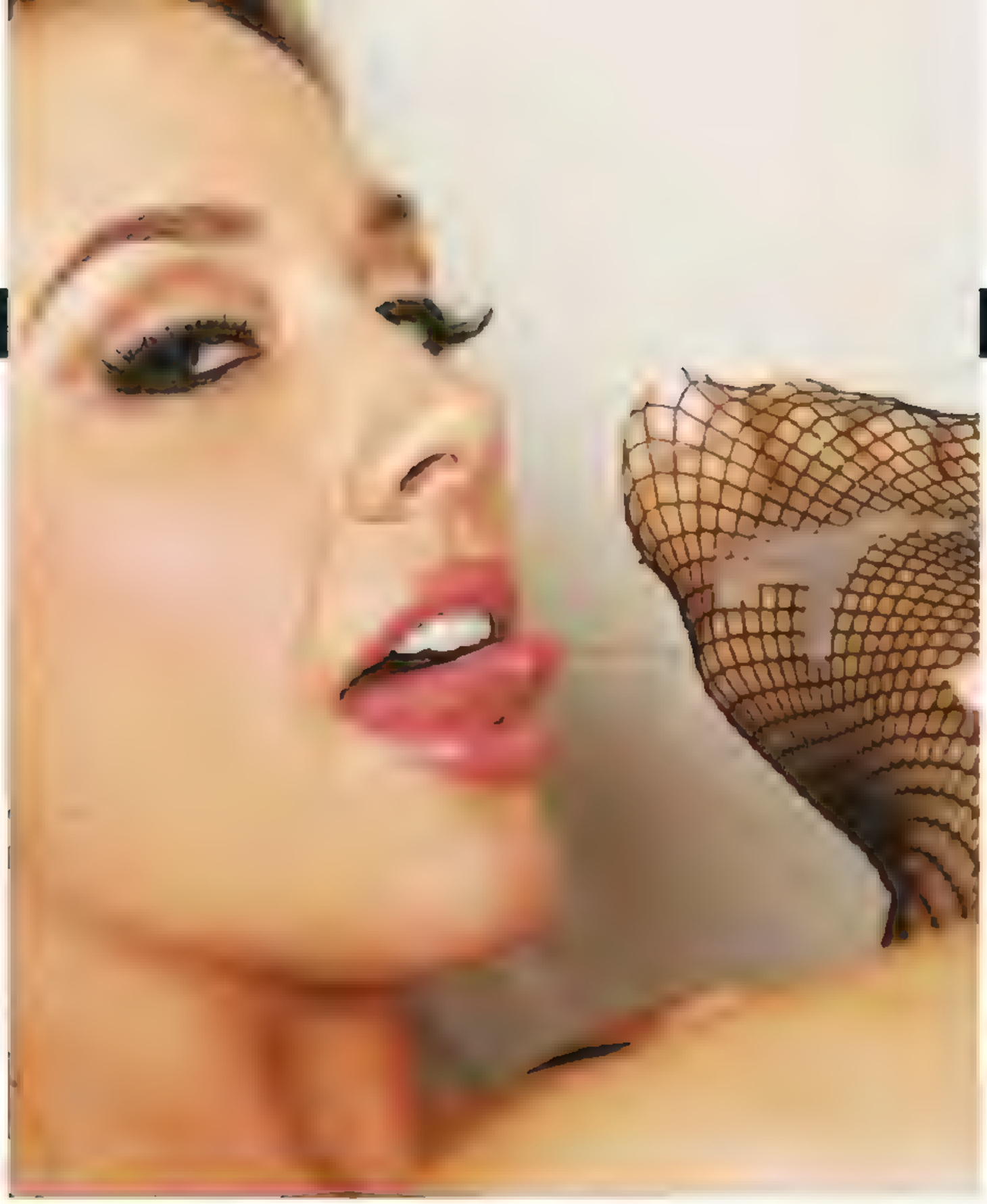
For a moment, I appreciated how I must look simply by basking in the glow of Kent's adoring gaze. Then I turned to take in the full effect of my transformation in the gilded oval mirror over our dresser.

Why yes, this new me was divine. I could feel the power flickering through my entire body. That's what having a cock did to me. I wanted to pillage, to fuck Kent quickly, to ride him all the way to the finish line.

Slow down, a little voice inside me whispered. *Take things bit by bit.* This was a momentous occasion for the two of us. There was no need to rush. Later, we could go as fast as we wanted. For this birthday event, I would travel as slowly as Kent needed me to.

"Bend over the bed," I said, and I watched as he moved gingerly into place. It was clear that his cock was fully hard. He maneuvered carefully so that his ass was raised and his thighs were spread. He was giving me the best access possible to his hole. He knew where the lube was going.

I slickened my fingers with a generous amount of the greasy stuff and then probed between Kent's taut ass cheeks. He had been well behaved up until that point. But when the tips of my fingers met his snug back hole, he groaned. I probed him with my middle



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finger, inserting the tip into his tight orifice. He bucked and groaned again, even louder this time.

"Don't get off yet," I told him. "This is only the beginning."

He seemed to grow entirely still then, as if he was constricting every single muscle in his handsome body. I made sure to apply a liberal amount the lube, and then I added more of the gloss to my palm and jacked my cock.

Oh, my cock, my handsome cock. I'd chosen correctly at the toy store. From their array of assorted dildos, I had selected one that was sleek yet still strong. More than a mouthful, less than a mile. Reaching for the untapped power within me, I closed my eyes briefly. Then I opened them once more, held my man by the hips, and let him feel the freedom of submitting.

"Do you like that?" I asked him as his cheeks widened and parted. "Do you like feeling my dick slipping into your ass?"

His first answer was a muffled mumble. Was he biting the sheets? No, he had his face pressed against the mattress, and he was holding on to our bedspread with both hands.

"What was that?" I demanded. "What did you say?"

"Yes!" He nearly shouted this time. "I like that! Give me more, please!"

I let him feel a little bit more of the toy inside him. I'm no virgin to anal, but I like things to start slow and then build. Following my own roadmap of desires, I performed for Kent. I inched my way into his tight ass, and then, as an added bonus, I slid one hand under his body and began to stroke his dick. The results were instantaneous. He'd been tightly wound, all tensed up. Once my fist gripped his joint, he began to relax. I actually felt him accepting more of my dildo into his body. I knew the lube was making the ride easier. So I pulled out and re-applied the stuff. Then I resumed the journey, and this time Kent lost his inhibitions and began to tell me what to do, what he needed.

Perhaps in the future we'd stick more closely to our domme/sub roles. But for his birthday, I gave him precisely what he craved.

"Faster!" he begged me. "Harder!"

I started to fuck him like an engine, with my cock as the piston. I fucked him as fast as he wanted, as hard as he needed. I felt a second orgasm building inside me, the pressure from the base of the dildo taking me where I needed to go, but I forced myself to hold on, to hold out. This was Kent's big day—or big night—and he deserved every last bit of his birthday extravaganza.

In and out I went, banging him like a pro, aware of the way the muscles in his back seemed to ripple, the way his biceps bulged as he fisted the comforter. His cock throbbed against my palm as I practically milked him in time to my thrusts. Then, with a mighty bellow—almost a roar—he tossed his head back, addressed our ceiling, and shouted as he came.

His cock spurted wildly, creating an abstract pattern of his come on our bedcover. He was almost riding me now, his motions jerking the cock still attached to my hips. Then he settled back down, and I withdrew and unbuckled my harness. My clit was vibrating. Kent spun around and took my button between his thumb and finger, rolling me deliciously toward my own orgasm as he bit my shoulder and licked the sweat from the side of my neck.

"Did you have a happy birthday?" I whispered to him in a shaky voice.

"A very strappy, happy birthday," he whispered back as the waves of pleasure carried me away.

TICKLING HER FANCY

A pair of fetishists introduces bondage to their tickle play and finds the new mix to be a delightfully explosive combination.

By Josie Williams

"You have a beautiful laugh," Rob said. "Like music. Like a melody." I ducked my head for a second, blushing because the situation was so surreal.

My boyfriend and I have a ticklish relationship. That is, we have a relationship filled with tickling. I am always the receiver, the receptor, the ticklee to his tickler. But while he never fails to indulge this extreme erotic desire in me, we've rarely taken the fetish outside of our home. Rarely discussed it in public.

However on this night, Rob was listing the reasons why he wanted to tie me down and tickle me. And he was doing so at the fancy restaurant we'd chosen to celebrate our two-year anniversary. Although we'd explored tickling in all sorts of ways—with feathers, with flower petals, with silken scarves, with vibrators—I'd always been loose for the main event, able to squirm, able to wiggle. The idea of introducing bondage to our play made me as nervous as it made me excited. I was nearly overcome by my swirling emotions as Rob continued to present his case.

"You're very…" he started, then he paused again, as if he had to find the right word. *Very what?* I wondered. "Very sensitive," he settled on. His fingertips were now making a more gentle rhythm along the fine lines of my inner wrist. I crossed my legs. I felt the erotic desire beginning to swell within me. He raked his short nails against my skin, almost casually. That motion thrummed inside me.

"We have to go," I said.

He gazed into my eyes innocently. Or faux innocently. I caught the gleam there. "Go?" he repeated.

"Leave. Hurry. You're making me crazy."

He grinned at me. Clearly, his intention had been to do exactly that.

"Rob," I demanded. "I need to…we need to." I was already standing, grabbing my sweater, but Rob stopped me.

"You'll really let me tie you down?" he asked.

I nodded, practically salivating at the thought. "But not here," I said, in case that's what he was planning to do.

"Let me take the edge off first," he said. "We'll make a quick stop." He motioned to the hall leading to the bathrooms. I stared at him, trying to read the plans in his mind. Then I headed in the direction he'd pointed. We left the table together, sneaking as if we were spies on some type of mission. We were on a mission, in fact: a mission to make it to the security of a private stall before things got truly out of hand.

"Your laugh haunts me, Josie," Rob said softly as we walked. "Sometimes it's all I can think about. You distract me."

"MY NIPPLES MADE HARD PEAKS BENEATH MY SHEATH."

My heart was racing. I could feel how aroused I was. Rob ushered me into the bathroom and locked the door behind us. He came close to me. I stayed totally still. He bent and breathed against the side of my neck. The puff of air—that simple exhale—tickled me. I trembled. He held me upright while his fingers explored my ribs, then the dip of my waist. Silently, I started to shake.

"I want to hear your laugh," he said.

I was worried I would get out of control—that someone else would hear, as well. Rob didn't seem to have the same concerns in the slightest. He tickled me with more fervor, his fingers working me a little harder. The thing about being tickled is that it doesn't matter how many times I've experienced the sensation before. It always feels new. I never know how much I will be able to take, how turned on the activity will make me. I dream about being tickled. That's the truth. When I'm awake, I fantasize about Rob tickling me. Every so often, I even tickle myself, a though I'm not very good at it. Mostly, I wait in heightened desire for the times Rob gives me exactly what I need.

Like now. He knows me full well. He understands to start slowly, to let the sensuous warmth build. He tickled me so lightly that I almost couldn't feel anything at all. Then I could. He danced and teased, tormenting me with the very tips of his fingers. He ran them everywhere, under my neck, along my ribs, then under my arms.

I started to laugh softly. I leaned back against the tiled wall for support. He wasn't touching my pussy or my breasts, but I could feel that I was getting wetter by the second. My nipples made hard peaks beneath my sheath. My cunt made a small puddle of sex juices in my panties.

Rob breathed against me again. For a split second, I thought I would come right then. What was he doing to me? Driving me out of my head. Light then hard, he tickled. Fast then slow. I was breathless, shaking, trying not to make too much noise. What would the other people think? Would they guess what we were up to? Maybe they'd think we were in the stall telling each other dirty jokes. My mind ran away with me. Rob pulled my dress up to my waist. His fingers stroked the naked skin at the tops of my thighs above my stockings.

This is one of my spots. One of my top tickling spots. My thighs—specifically my inner thighs—are deeply sensitive. From many past experiences, Rob knows this perfectly well. He focused on the tippy-tops of my thighs, right at the base of my pussy. I braced myself with my hands on his shoulders, and I shook all over.

"Oh, fuck," I sighed. "Oh, Rob."

"Let go," he murmured.

That's the trick for him. Taking me to the point not only when I climax, but when I really

VARIATIONS

TICKLING

lose control. When my body is wracked by giggles, shaking and trembling. He loves that side of me. The place where I have given everything over to him, put my whole self in his powerful hands. My pleasure. My soul.

Then he stopped all motions and looked at me. I wondered if he guessed what I could tell. I was a breath away from coming. I was seconds from a monster climax. If he started to work his magic at my core, I would cream for him. Our eyes were locked. What did he want from me? Did he need me to beg? I tried that.

"Tickle me," I whispered.

"Where?"

"You know where."

He shook his head. "Here?" he queried. His fingers dove down, and he worked the backs of my knees. That tickled, of course, but it wasn't what I wanted. Rob can be such a sadist sometimes.

"Not there," I told him. "You know where."

I could have simply said it. I could have told him, "Tickle my pussy. Spread open my lips. Tickle my clit," and he would have done what I asked. At least, I was pretty certain he would. But we were teasing each other. I was doing my best to hold out, to stave off the climax. He was doing the same, I sensed.

"Please," I tried. Sometimes being polite works. "Please, Rob."

"Please, what, baby?"

Nope, it wasn't going to work this time.

"Please tickle me there." I nodded downward.

Rob gripped my chin in one hand and made me meet his eyes once more. "Say it."

I cleared my throat.

"Say it," he hissed.

"Please tickle my pussy," I finally managed.

He gave me a little half-smile, a look of someone who has won a prize, and then he said, "Put your hands over your head."

I stammered over the single word, "Why?"

"Do it," he said, "and I'll give you what you want."

He expected me to expose my underarms. I was wearing a thin cocktail dress made of stretchy fabric. The dress was cut high on the shoulders. I sucked in my breath and did what he asked. Then I shut my eyes.

"Clasp your hands together and don't move," he said. "I'll give you a taste of what you're in for tonight."

He was serious! He was really going to tie me down. That thought brought me one rung closer to orgasm. We'd played with bondage before, and we were black belts in tickling. But this unexplored combination was sure to create fireworks. Rob gently tickled my underarms, and I shook all over. He tickled me with more force, and I tightened the lock of my fingers together. He ran his hands up and down my ribs; I bucked and swayed. He retuned to my underarms, and he tickled me with such unbridled intensity that I felt as if I might howl with laughter. I bit my lip hard to keep myself in check.

"You like that," he said, and I sensed he was admiring my expression. "Your cheeks are all pink. You look beautiful, baby. So beautiful."

I sighed and squirmed, pressing forward with my hips and wanting him to tickle me right there so desperately, at the very center of my being. I was on the verge of begging for real, of offering anything to him in payment,

"TICKLE MY PUSSY. SPREAD OPEN MY LIPS. TICKLE MY CLIT."

in trade. As if he could read my thoughts, Rob ultimately acquiesced. He used his left hand to take turns from one of my sides to the other, while his right hand probed my pussy. This was it. This was what I'd been waiting for. Unable to stop myself, I laughed uncontrollably. I'd been worried that I'd be loud, but my laughter was so forceful that it was almost silent. I shook all over as I came in a rush of liquid, and I let my hands go to my sides to protect myself.

"At home," he said matter-of-factly, "you won't be able to do that. You'll have to take it. Even after you come. I'll keep tickling you. I'll get you off over and over. And Josie? I can't fucking wait."

I looked into the mirror over the sink. My cheeks were bright pink, as he'd said. My eyes were filled with a mix of desire and satisfaction. I splashed a little water on my face, and then we were ready to leave the restaurant. Ready to head to our house for a whole night of tickling—torturous, lovely tickling—that awaited the two of us.

During the drive, he continued to torment me. I was still in a state, my breathing erratic, my heart beating hard and fast. He tickled the nape of my neck, and I groaned. Then things grew sexier still.

"Raise your hands," he instructed at a red light.

Tentatively, I laced my fingers behind my head, exposing my underarms. As soon as I was in that revealing position, Rob let his fingers wander. Once more, he expertly tickled me, one-handed this time. No mere brush of the skin. Actual tickling. I brought my hands down immediately in an effort to protect that

VARIATIONS

TICKLING

tender area. Rob's response was surprisingly dominant.

"Keep your hands in place," he demanded.

I looked at him, startled by the tone of his voice. That said, I obeyed immediately, and then waited. The light had changed. Rob had to focus on driving, but he started to talk. "Let's play a game," he said.

I waited. My hands were trembling. My whole body was trembling.

"When I tell you to do something, you do it."

Since we'd first met, I'd fantasized about something like this, a scenario like this in which he took charge of my pleasure during a tickling scenario. Why hadn't I ever confessed before? I gazed down at his lap and saw that his cock was hard.

If he hadn't given me the instruction to keep my hands locked together, I would have reached out to touch his erection through his slacks. But I guessed that would be against the rules—his rules—so I waited to hear what was going to happen next.

"When we get home, I'm going to bind your wrists together. To help you. To help you stay in place for me while I tickle you. Would you like that?"

I nodded helplessly, then managed to utter, "Yes. Yes, please."

"Right now, imagine that you're bound."

That was easy enough. In my mind, I already had cuffs on my wrists. The ride home was excruciating. Every red light, Rob tickled me. Through the greens, I remained in a state of uncontrolled desire. I wanted more. I wanted him to do everything he'd described over dinner. And because I'm a greedy thing when it comes to pleasure, I wanted it now.

Finally home, we nearly ran to the house. Rob opened the front door and gave me his first command simultaneously—followed by a second. "Meet me in the bedroom. Be naked."

I was taking off my clothes in motion, hurrying to our boudoir and leaving a trail of items in my wake: high heels, dress, bra, panties. When I got to the bedroom, I sat on the edge of the mattress and waited for Rob. I could hear him coming after me, more slowly. I wondered what would happen next.

"Close your eyes," Rob said.

I obeyed.

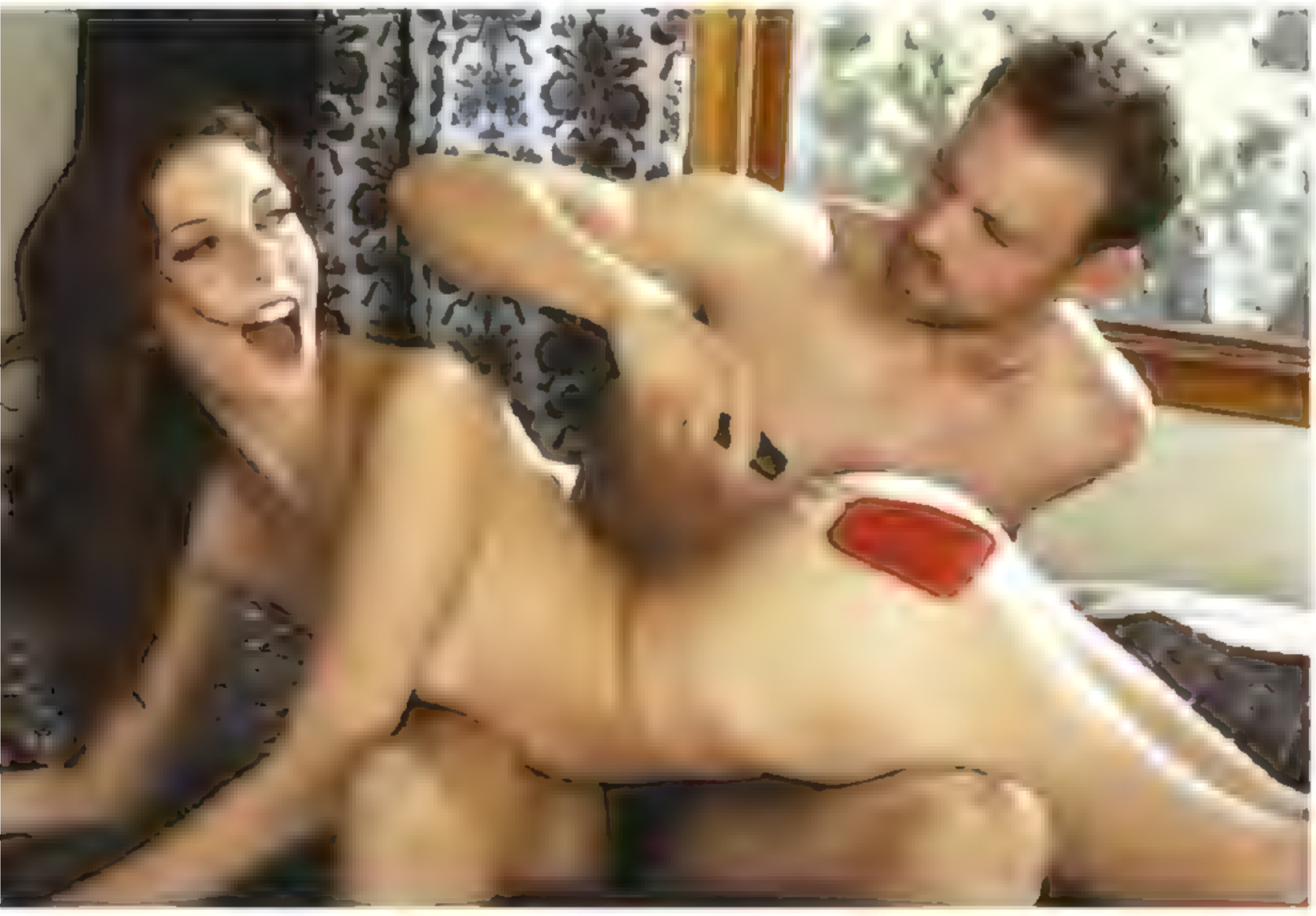
From that point on, I felt as if all of my senses were heightened. I heard Rob approach the bed. I felt the blindfold go over my eyes. I tested, automatically, to see if I could peek beneath the velvety barrier. No. Rob's too good for that. So I shut my eyes once more and relaxed. At least, I relaxed as much as I could. I was still feeling the aftershocks of the tickling in the car and the orgasm in the restaurant. My body was alive with the ripples of humming endorphins. Rob was simply going to make them shout once more.

Rob positioned me exactly how he wanted me: in the middle of the bed with my arms up. The handcuffs came next. I welcomed the cool metal on my wrists like the embrace of an old friend. He'd wound their attached chain through the headboard slats, so I wasn't able to lower my arms and protect myself from his tickle torment. I shivered with excitement; I was naked, cuffed, blindfolded, and ready for his onslaught. Then there was a moment when I could feel him watching me. I raised my hips and lowered them back on the mattress. My pussy was calling. Would he start there? Would he begin at my core, at the sweet center of my arousal?

Of course not.

Rob started with a device. I felt the feathers meet my skin, and I guessed that he was tickling me with a feather duster, one of many we own for this purpose alone. At this second, they were dusting the curve of my neck, then along my torso. Rob skipped my pussy entirely and brought the feathers between my thighs, alternating between tickling the left, then the right. I sighed and shook. I was amped up; every part of me felt hardwired to my pussy. When Rob worked his way to the soles of my feet, I sensed a jolt right at my clit.

Suddenly, there were two dusters, one for each foot. I laughed, which I guessed was Rob's goal. I wasn't loud. At first, I contained myself. But why was I doing that? Nobody



"ROB POSITIONED ME EXACTLY HOW HE WANTED ME: IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BED."

could hear us. There was no reason for me to muffle the noises of my pleasure.

"Let loose," Rob said, sensing my inner dilemma. "Be loud for me, girl."

I laughed more freely. As I did—as if I were turning a knob to a higher level—Rob tickled me with greater force.

The two dusters together made me shake and twitch. Then Rob said, "Spread your legs." I was grateful that even though he'd cuffed my wrists, he'd left my ankles free. I parted my legs as he'd instructed, feeling the stretch in my muscles. Rob danced those dusters up my shins, knees and thighs. Then he passed over my pussy, despite the fact that my hips were banging out a not-so-subtle tattoo on the sheets. He skipped the place I most needed to be tickled and returned to my exposed underarms.

I almost said, "No." I almost said, "What are you doing? Why are you torturing me like this?"

Those questions had easy answers. Because Rob is a dom, and he never gives me what I desire right away. Where would the fun be in that for him? He likes to take things slow. He likes to make me wait. If I wait, then he waits, and the pleasure is drawn out between the two of us. While I was having all these deep thoughts, Rob dropped the dusters and reached for a new device. From the first tickle, I knew he'd selected a boa. He trailed the long length of frippery along my ribs and belly. Then he brought the boa between my legs to tease my spread-open cunt.

"Oh, yes!" I cried out. "Yes, Rob! Yes!"

He let me experience that sensation by working the feathers forcefully against my nether region. The boa grew matted and damp. I pushed up, hoping to come, wanting to come. Rob wanted something else, as was apparent when he removed this toy and let me languish, unfulfilled. I heard the noises as he moved off the bed and stripped out of his own clothes. He rejoined me on the mattress and situated himself between my legs.

I felt his hard cock against my dripping hole. Had I wanted the feathers only seconds before? Now, I wanted his dick. I wanted him to fuck me. I wanted to cream on his rod, to come like a wild thing.

That's when Rob turned on his last toy. He wore tiny finger massagers—fingertip vibrators—and right as he thrust his rock-like cock into my pussy, he started to tickle me with these dreamy little devices. I drew in a deep breath and then exhaled in a rush. I knew Rob would be able to feel my pussy contract against him. I am such a slut for tickling. He'd had me on the verge since we'd walked into our house. Now, between the combination of his pounding cock and those magical massagers, I was gone. Done. My orgasm was spectacular. I cried out my bliss as Rob fucked me. Then I settled against the mattress, feeling spent and satisfied.

That's when I remembered what Rob had said earlier. He'd assured me that even after I reached climax, he was going to keep tickling me. Exactly as I had this thought, he made it come true. While his cock thrust in and out, while he fucked me for all he was worth, he continued to tickle me with those mysterious massagers, running them under my arms, along my ribs, stroking the tops of my thighs, everywhere he could reach.

Because my wrists were bound, I couldn't bring my arms down. But would I have if I could? I didn't think so. I let myself experience everything that was happening. Being bound, in that way, set me free. I rocked and rolled on the pleasure. I coasted. I creamed. I lost track of how many orgasms I had. In fact, they started to run together, blur together, until what I was living was like one long fucking climax. Extended. Exploding. I realized that the sound I was hearing in the room, the background melody playing in my mind, was me. I was laughing. Laughing so hard and so continuously that I didn't even realize I was doing it.

This is what Rob had wanted. This is what he had desired. And he'd made the night come to full-on fruition. Only when he was at the brink of his own powerful climax did he take off the fingertip massagers. With precision, he let one thumb press on my swollen clit, and the two of us experienced a simultaneous pleasure that surpassed all prior events.

"Oh, Josie," he whispered, as he came. "My Josie. You are mine."

Even as he unfastened the handcuffs and pulled the fabric from my eyes, I knew that he was absolutely right. I was his. His tickling slave. His to bind and blindfold, to torment, and tickle. Always, and forever, his.

KINKY SURPRISE

He bought me presents all the time. So I bought him one.

"I got you something," I said, dropping my bag by the front door. I kicked off my high heels and hung my jacket on the wall peg.

Jackson looked up, one eyebrow cocked in surprise. "Did you?" He smiled.

I didn't smile. Instead, I unzipped my skirt and dropped it on the floor with my shoes. I unbuttoned my blouse and took it off, too. Then I tossed that onto the growing pile. I stood there in my black bra and panties and toed the bag. "Open it."

"It's in your bag?"

"It is."

I'd stopped at the sex toy shop that had just opened in our kitschy little neighborhood. There I'd seen the perfect thing for my Jackson. I didn't let my emotions show on my face, but my insides were crawling with excitement. And arousal.

He slowly opened the bag as if he anticipated a snake instead of a gift, but that was from reading my body language: my back, ramrod straight; my face set in a neutral mask; my limbs held in a strong position, alluding to power. Only I knew that inside I was completely giddy with excitement.

He pulled the ball gag from the bag and looked up at me with sheer excitement. "For me?"

"For you. Now go upstairs and take your clothes off. I'll be up in a moment."

He blinked once, stood, and strode toward the steps. I wasn't a fool, though; I'd spotted the instant hard-on he was sporting.

I lingered, despite not wanting to wait. I let him sit up there naked, staring at his gift, and stew. I wandered into the dining room, poured a glass of red wine, took a sip, and then set it down. I walked into the kitchen to see what was for dinner and found a rib eye resting at room temperature on the counter. I flipped through the mail. It took everything in me not to rush upstairs. When ten minutes finally passed, I went to him, my bare feet whispering softly on the carpeted stairs.

I almost smiled; I had to tamp down the urge when I saw him sitting there on the edge of the bed, buck naked with a hard-on to beat all hard-ons, and the ball gag in his hand.

"There's my boy," I said.

His cock twitched, and I bit the inside of my cheek. My cunt wasn't wet; it was whatever resided beyond wet. I walked to him and took the ball gag, pointing to the floor and keeping my voice stern. "Before we plug up that pretty mouth I want you to use it. And use it well."

He dropped to his knees and fell on me like a ravenous beast. His mouth latched onto my pussy, his tongue pushing and swiping and twirling over my clit. He drew designs with the tip of his tongue—one of his favorite things to do—and I tried to imagine what they were. A star, maybe? A circle? Letters? Was he writing my name? I gripped his short dark hair in my fingers and tugged, hissing, "Use your fingers, too."

Immediately, two thick fingers drove into me and my knees dipped a little. I braced myself and let him fuck me with his digits and paint me with his tongue. When I came it was with a low groan, head tipped back, and fairy lights flashing behind my closed eyelids.

I pushed him away roughly and held out my hand. He took it, and as I helped him to his feet, I pointed to the bed with my free hand, keeping my face grim. My pussy thumped merrily away, keeping time with my pulse, but I couldn't focus on that now. I had work to do. Jackson sat on the bed, and I climbed behind him, slipping the bright pink ball between his lips and connecting the straps behind his head. I adjusted them to my liking: snug but not too tight.

I checked him from the front, smiled and patted his cheek. "Good boy. So, what do we do to test this ball gag? What reactions are we muffling? What shall I use on you? I'm thinking the crop…" I glanced at his cock and continued. "The paddle? Or a strap-on. You could use a good pegging. Or maybe a good old-fashioned hand spanking?"

And there it was. The jerk of his cock I'd been waiting for. Spanking it was. But I went on pretending to consider my options. I touched the weeping tip of his cock, and he groaned around the gag. "I think I'd like to redden your ass with my hand."

I sat on the edge of the bed and patted my lap. "Come on."

I didn't have to ask twice. Jackson got up and draped himself across my thighs. His body quivered with anticipation as I ran my hand down his back and over his ass. Every touch brought a twitch or a sigh.

I ran my fingers up his ass crack and touched the tip of my finger to his rear hole, watching all the muscles in his back flex as he jerked. I laughed softly and stroked my fingers gently along his butt again. I felt him relax, and that was what I had been waiting for. The first blow was fast and hard, and the crack that sounded in the silent room echoed

in my ears. My palm stung from the impact, but I immediately laid another slap down on the opposite cheek. I watched my palm prints blossom bright red on his pale skin.

It took my breath away to see the redness flooding the white flesh of his ass. I gave him two more blows and then reached beneath him, dragging fist along the length of his hard cock. He moaned helplessly around the ball gag, and the sound of it went straight to the center of me, my empty pussy clenching around nothing but its own moisture.

After moistening a few fingers in my mouth, I pushed one into his ass and fucked him with it. His cheeks tightened around every thrust I delivered. He bucked against me, practically humping my leg. I smiled and pushed in a second finger. "There we go. That's my good boy."

A long groan escaped his lips, making my heart skip a beat. When his body moved in a way that told me he was close to getting off, I swiftly withdrew, making him gasp. Then I delivered four more blows to his pretty pink ass.

His groans had transformed into desperate, muffled yelps.

"Get on your back," I said, hoarse and raspy. My arousal was clearly reflected in my voice.

Jackson got on his back, his cock standing up straight. I climbed onto him, knowing that every time I drove myself down, his ass would sting and burn and throb with pain.

I sank onto him slowly, watched him toss his head and whimper. When I was settled, I could tell by the subtle buck of his hips that he wanted me to move. Needed me to move. I remained still, feeling my pussy pound with want.

When his eyes grew shiny with frustration, I put his hands above his head and leaned my weight on them. I kissed the rubber ball between his lips and whispered, "Do not move. If you move, I will stop and that will be that. Don't move a muscle, Jackson."

He nodded, eyes wide. His desperation was evident.

I started to move. Slower than I knew he wanted, slower than his body needed. But that was the point. He remained utterly still, and the effort it took was clear because his lean muscles stood out like cords.

I fucked him at a relaxed pace, pinching his nipples and staring into his big green eyes. I waited for his face to look tortured from

"I SANK ONTO HIM SLOWLY, WATCHED HIM TOSS HIS HEAD AND WHIMPER."

needing me to increase my rhythm. When it did, I stopped riding him and began to rock from side to side, grinding my clit against his pelvis. Jackson looked up at me on the verge of tears, a small cry bleeding around the rubber ball in his mouth. He gripped the bedsheets, trying desperately not to move. I had to admit, I was impressed.

He mumbled something around the ball gag that I had no trouble understanding: "Please."

"Please what?" I hissed down at him, watching his face.

"Ma'am." The word was barely decipherable, but I knew what he said. And then a garbled: "Please, Ma'am."

I nodded once, kissed the ball again, and began to move with increasing speed. I rocked against him violently, taking him as deeply as I could and giving him the intensity and roughness that he needed. His whimpers grew louder, and I growled, "You do not come until I give you permission, got it?"

His nod was fast and furious, his eyes shiny and bright.

I slammed down onto him so fast the shock wave went through my clit, and I surprised myself by coming with a harsh cry, my head tossed back. I rocked from side to side again until a single tear slid down his face, and I took pity.

I picked my tempo up again. "You may come. And you may move."

He drove up under me three times and came with a sob, his mouth working around the bright pink ball. I kissed it again, smiled down at him, and said, "Gee, I sure hope you like your gift, baby. I know I do."

–L.K., via email

SEXY & SECURE

I caught Ed looking at the bungee cord. I saw the near predatory look cross his face as we secured the bed my parents had given us in the back of his truck.

It was hot out, at least 95 in the sun, but a cold prickle raced up my neck and caused my scalp to tingle.

"Got it over there?" he asked, his voice level.

I tested the cord and nodded. "It won't go anywhere."

We walked hand in hand to the backyard to thank my parents and say good-bye, and then I followed him back to the truck. The entire time my mind raced, remembering that look on his face and wondering if I'd made it up.

He rested his big hand on my thigh the whole way home. His thumb made sweeping motions against the denim. Occasionally, he'd squeeze, and once he let his hand drift up high

VARIATIONS

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to the top of my leg but then dragged it back down toward my knee. By the time he pulled the truck into our driveway, my pussy was wet beneath my jeans and the heat I felt in my cunt was mirrored by the heat flaming my cheeks.

"You're blushing."

"I'm hot."

"Oh, I'll say."

I snorted. "I mean it's hot. So I'm hot."

He raised an eyebrow as we circled to the bed of the truck. "I think you're hot because you saw me playing with those bungee cords. And thinking about what we could do–what I'd do–made you hot."

I shook my head, but his smile said we both knew I was lying.

We undid the cords, and he looped them up and stuck them in his pocket. Watching him do that made me shift from leg to leg, which was a mistake. Every motion made me more aware of my own arousal.

I reached for the bed frame, and he put his hand atop mine. "Let's leave that for now."

I blinked, my heart picking up its tempo. "Why?"

"Because I think we need to say bon voyage to our old bed. In style…" He patted his pocket, and instead of racing, my heart skipped a beat. I put a hand to my chest as if that could steady it.

"Ed–"

His jaw went tight, and his eyes appeared to flash darker blue in the sunlight. "It wasn't a request. It was an order."

"A SINGLE SWIPE OF HIS TONGUE MADE MY HIPS SHOOT UP."

A small needy sigh escaped me, and I turned on my heels, feeling the sun beat down on my bare shoulders, and headed to the house. All the while my brain fixated on the loops of elastic cords in his pocket. And what he wanted to do with them. With me.

In our bedroom, he stood and stared at me before placing a fingertip to the shoulder strap of my tank. I immediately pulled the shirt off and dropped it on the floor. I didn't need instructions. I knew how this worked. He touched my bra, and poof, I made it disappear. His fingertip dragged over the brass button on my jeans and I popped it, unzipped, and pushed them down before kicking them away. Next, he trailed his finger down the cleft of my sex through my thin cotton panties. I went to take them off, but Ed shook his head. He pushed them down himself, took my hand, and helped me step free.

"On the bed," he said.

I dropped to the mattress and laid there trying to breathe.

"Pretty wrists together."

I put my wrists together and clasped my hands. Ed began to wind the bungee cords around my wrists and up my lower arms. Not too tight, but not loose enough for me to escape. He moved me to the center of the bed. Put a pillow beneath my ass. And then left the room.

My arms started to ache to move, my heart hammering. I wanted to twist; I wanted to scratch my nose. I wanted to get up and find him. Which is exactly why he did what he did. The downtime, the limited ability to move. It made me anxious, but it also made me wet.

The sounds of him puttering in the kitchen were maddening. He was making a drink. Or a fucking sandwich. Something. When he finally walked back in the room, I was chewing the inside of my cheek to keep from screaming for him.

Ed took one look at my face and gave me a wry half smile. He moved toward me and then over me, dipping two fingers into my cunt. "Wet," he said. His hand then moved to press against my breast above my heart. "Fast."

I just stared at him, my teeth worrying my lower lip.

"And you did well. No panic and no meltdown like the first time. You know, I love to see you wrapped up like a gorgeous present." He lowered his face to my belly and swept his tongue across it so that the muscles rustled from the stimulation.

"I think that deserves a reward," he murmured, his mouth tracking a hot line down my inner thigh. When he settled on my clit, my breath caught. The waiting, the worrying, all the fighting of my own nature had put me in a place where a single swipe of his tongue made my hips shoot up.

He abandoned my clit and worked me with his tongue, knowing every place to lap, to nudge. My hands warred with each other, bound together as they were, and I was unable to reach out and thread my fingers through his hair the way I wanted. I was at his mercy, and he made it known by teasing me and changing his rhythm. Swiping his tongue around my outer lips and avoiding my clitoris.

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VARIATIONS

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"'I LIKE THAT YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME,' HE SAID, THRUSTING DEEP."

"Please," I said. "Ed, please…"

He took mercy on me with a grunt. The grunt said he was turned on beyond the point of patience. He pushed his broad fingers inside me, curling them against my G-spot. His mouth worked me, tongue teasing my button, and I raised my hips, thrashing my bound arms.

I came with a fierce cry, and he continued to lap at me. My body danced in response to the stimulation of overly sensitive flesh.

"Stay still," he ordered, his voice gruff and deep.

I stilled myself as he continued to lick me. I held my breath to focus on what he was doing. I was aware when slight discomfort turned swiftly to sweet, freshly bloomed pleasure.

"Good girl." He smiled up at me from between my legs.

My breath came out in a rush. He went back to my clit, taking his time, until I gave him what he wanted: another orgasm that bent my body like bamboo in high wind.

He didn't speak; he simply flipped me over on my belly, rearranged the pillow and pushed into me roughly. "I like that you can't touch me," he said, thrusting deep.

I moaned, my bungee-cord-wrapped arms trapped beneath me. My pulse pounded in my throat, my temples, and my poor bound limbs.

But his cock going in and out of me. His words. They all shut down the panic and brightened the surrender. I became supremely aware of my cunt. The rush of sensations, the wetness, the tightness, and his body driving into mine over and over again.

"I love when I can just take you. When you're at my mercy. When I can flip you and bend you and fuck you however I want." All the words came out in his intense, rasping rumble of a voice.

Goose bumps spread across my back and made me shiver. His hands held my hips and my face smashed against the pillow. My breath was a harsh thing.

He worked a wet finger into my ass, and I jolted. He chuckled and pushed it a bit deeper. His cock slid in and out of me, his finger mimicking the motion in my asshole. My hands were pinned beneath my hips, and every thrust drove my clit against them. The friction overtook my senses. The manhandling and the fucking and the finger in my ass. I grew tight around him, and he noticed, hissing slightly.

"You can come when I say. Not until."

And then I was nodding. Nodding stupidly and mindlessly at his instructions, and I struggled to hold on. One finger in my ass became two, and the feeling of impossible fullness increased.

"Such a pretty ass," he whispered, pushing them deep inside me.

I gasped at the sensations he caused.

"Such a pretty cunt," he added, pushing into me roughly so my hair whispered against the pillow.

"So pretty when she's all wrapped up," he said, his breath hot on my back.

I whimpered, a wordless warning that I was struggling. I only allowed myself to do it because my efforts turned him on. Turned him on to the point that he'd show mercy and let me get off.

It worked. He pulled his fingers from my back hole and gripped my hips, moving into me with desperation. When he groaned, deep and long, I almost lost it, but I waited. Waited for the magical words.

They arrived. "Come with me." His fingers bit deeper into my skin, and when he slammed into me, coming with a harsh gasp, I catapulted right after him. Falling down into the rush of pleasure and grasping my hands together restlessly.

He flipped me to my back and smiled down at me. "I'll take those cords off in a minute. But admit it, that's a hell of a way to retire a bed."

I nodded, wondering briefly how we'd decide to christen the new one. It would no doubt be just as amazing.

–R.D., Detroit, Michigan

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it! Send your story to *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.

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